

WALT DISNEY'S

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

A BIG GOLDEN BOOK

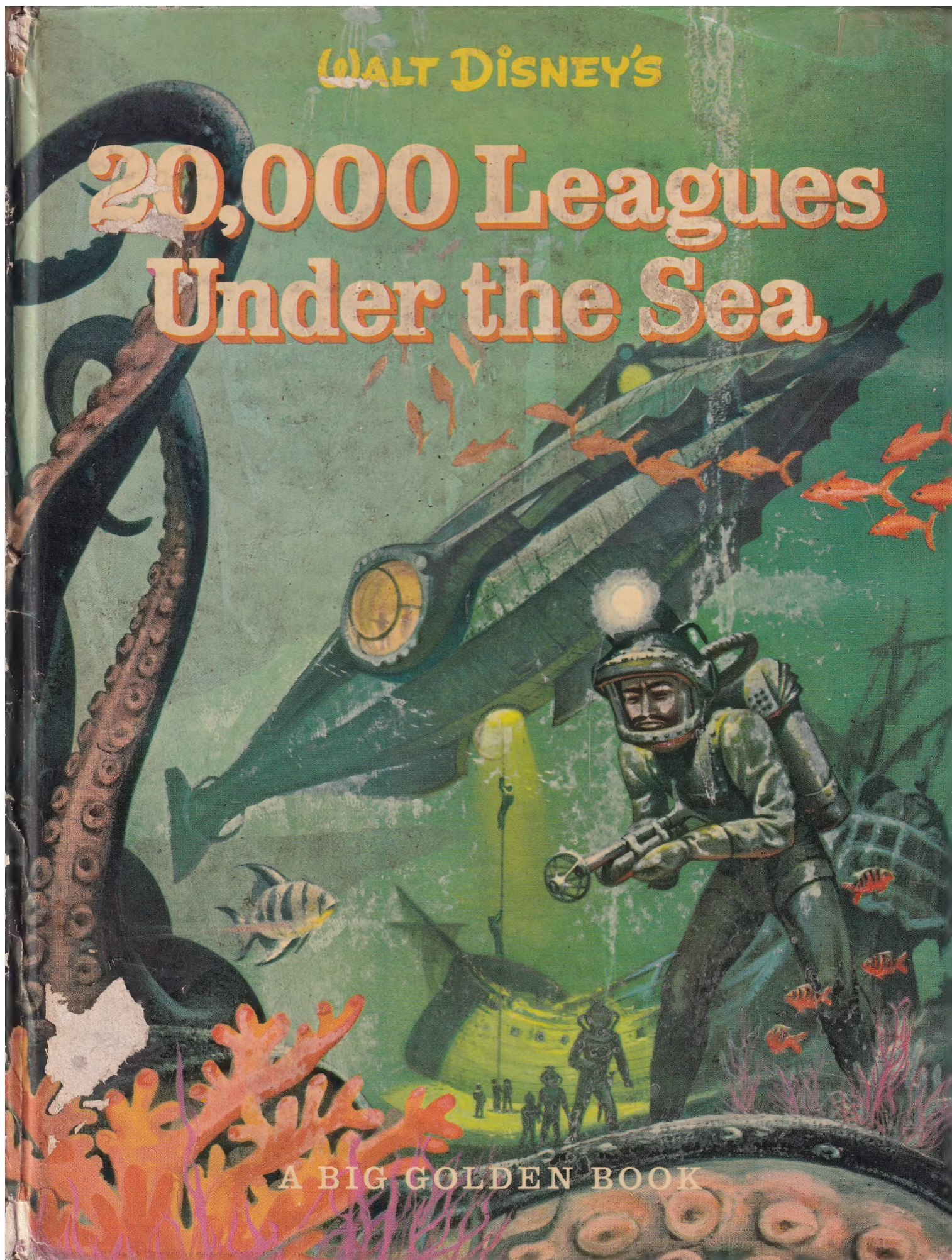


CHART FROM
SUBMARINE NAUTILUS

From the observations of
CAPT. NEMO

VULCANIA



Vulcania to the N.N.W. 3 Leagues distant
in the Evening

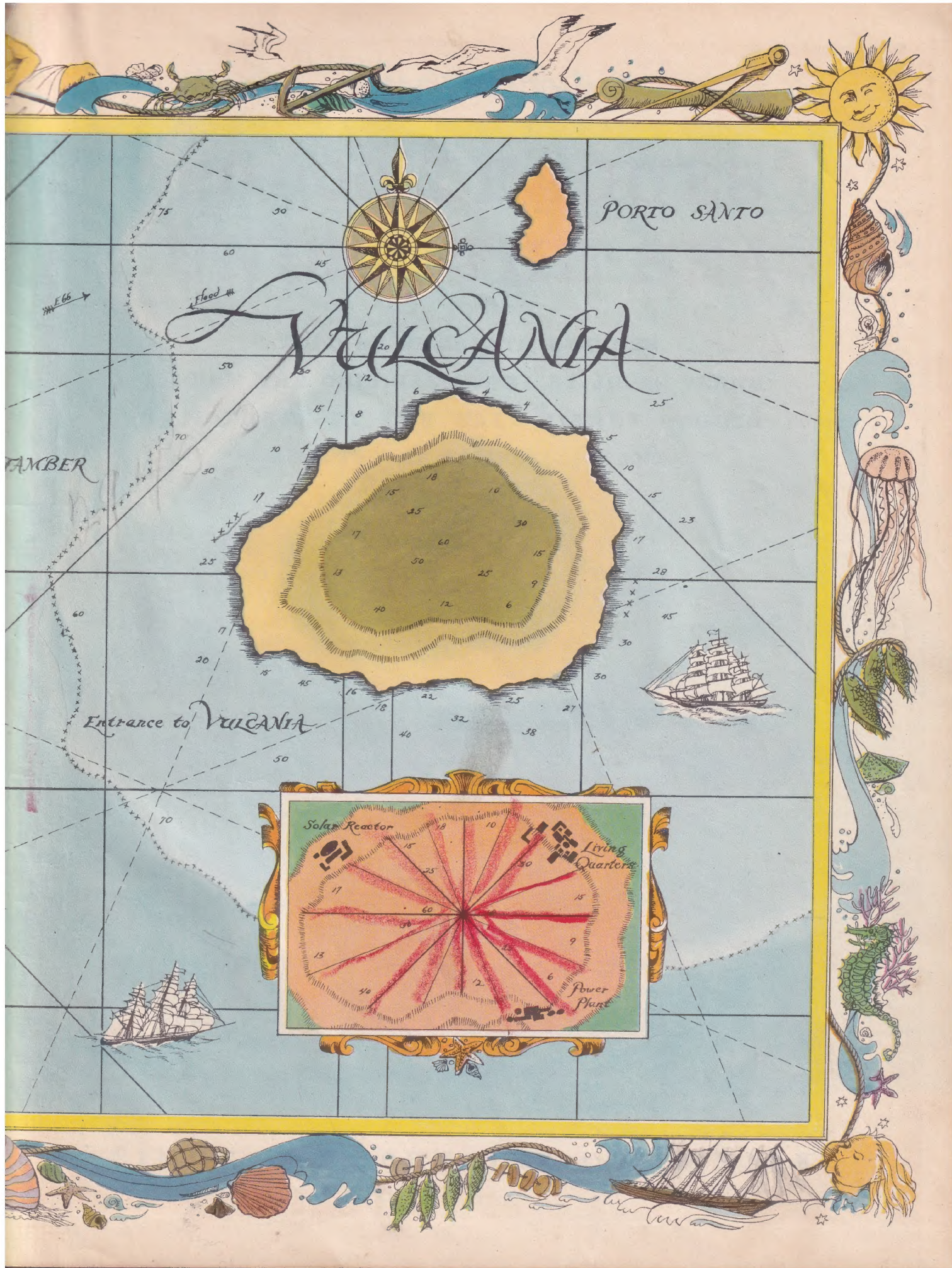
ISLE

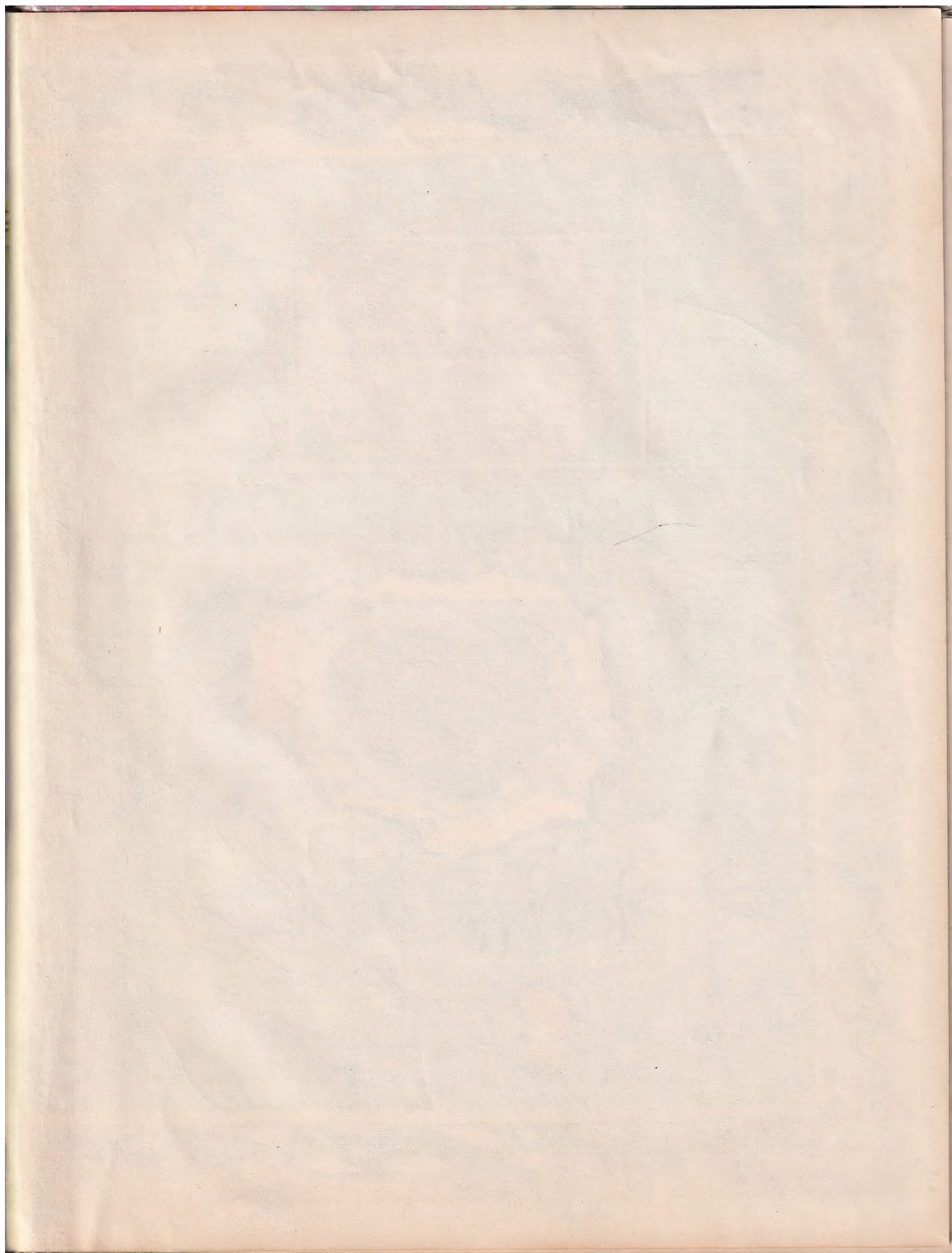
Bank which breaks
at half tide

Rocks seen in
1835

CORAL REEFS







WALT DISNEY'S

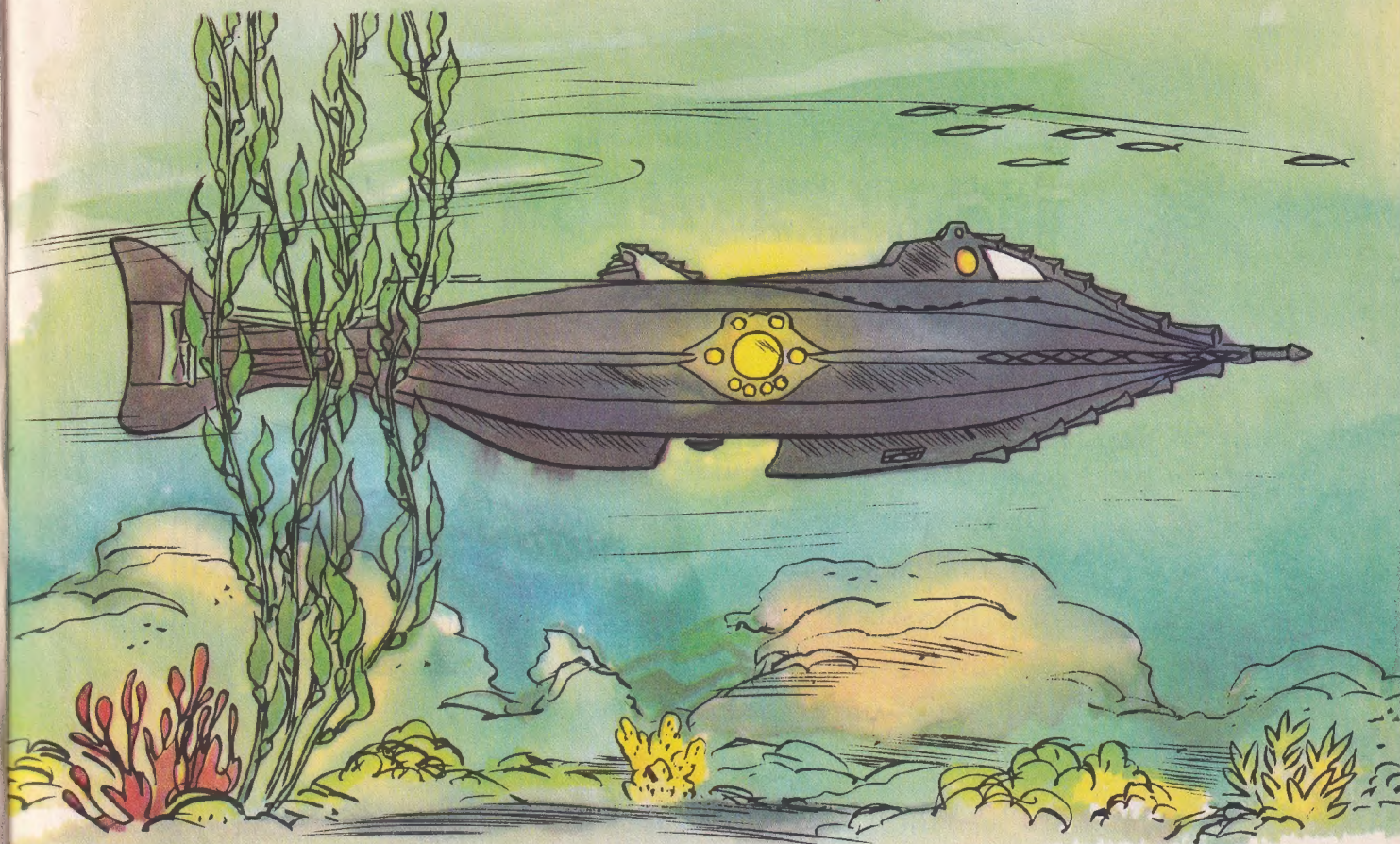
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

TOLD BY ELIZABETH BEECHER

FROM THE ORIGINAL STORY BY JULES VERNE

PICTURES BY THE WALT DISNEY STUDIO

ADAPTED BY CAMPBELL GRANT



SIMON AND SCHUSTER • NEW YORK



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THE MONSTER STRIKES



IT WAS a night in the year 1868.

The steamship "Golden Arrow" was churning through the rolling waters of the South Seas. There was no moon. Only a few lonely-looking stars hung in the midnight sky.

On the deck of the "Golden Arrow" a group of sailors were singing to the music of a concertina. Now and then the music faded. When it did, the sailors' singing faded, too. And fear came into the eyes of all the men as they looked out at the restless ocean.

Once when the music and singing faded, the concertinist turned to the man beside him. "They say The Monster appears on nights like this," he whispered.

The second sailor shuddered. "'Tis bad luck to speak of It," he said, making a

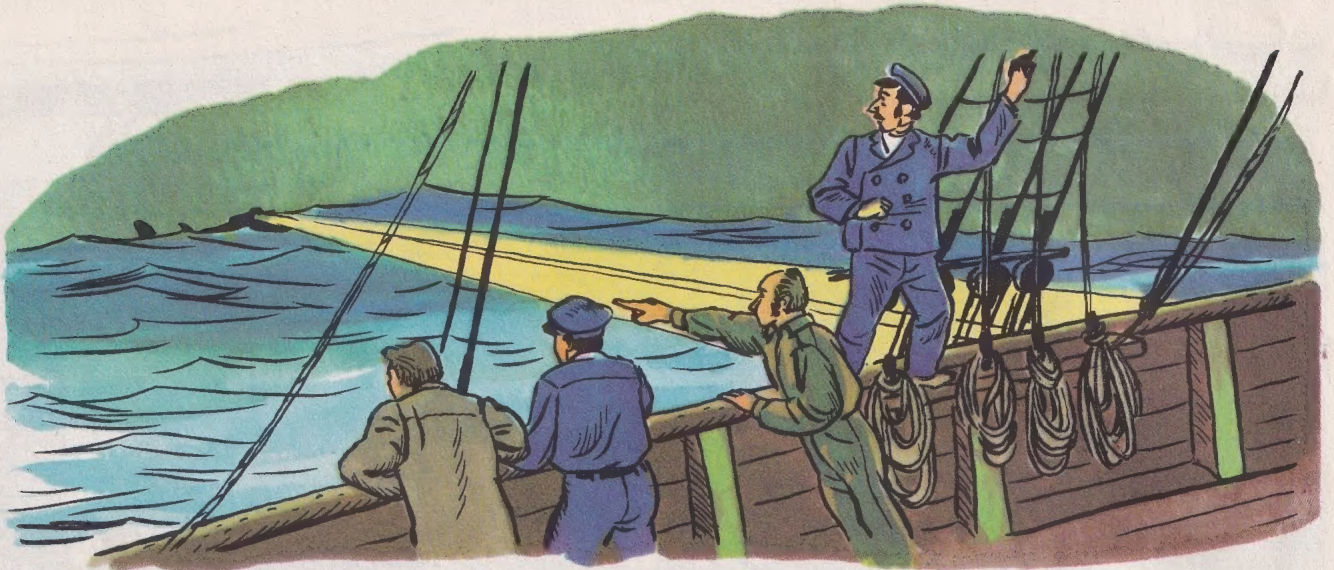
sign with his fingers. It was a sign used by sailors to keep bad luck away.

The other sailors saw the sign and knew why their shipmate had made it. So each of them made it, too, and each scowled at the concertinist because he had mentioned The Monster.

None of them knew exactly what The Monster was. They only knew it roamed these South Seas and had sunk many ships. Most of the ships had gone down with all on board.

However, there had been a few survivors. From these men, the world had learned The Monster was a creature that breathed fire and ripped apart strong ships as easily as a child might rip a piece of paper.

It was no wonder, therefore, that the



men aboard the "Golden Arrow" stared at the sea with frightened eyes.

Could they have seen below the ocean's surface they would have been even more frightened. For they would have seen a great, ghostly shape slipping silently through the depths. Seaweed dripped from its hideous head and jagged beak and huge, frog-like eyes.

Suddenly a sighing sound rose from the ghostly shape. And it shot upwards, breaking the ocean's surface with its jagged beak.

Now the frog-eyes lighted up, sending long beams of blinding whiteness across the waters.

On board the "Golden Arrow" the sailors froze in terror.

"The Monster!" screamed the concertinist.

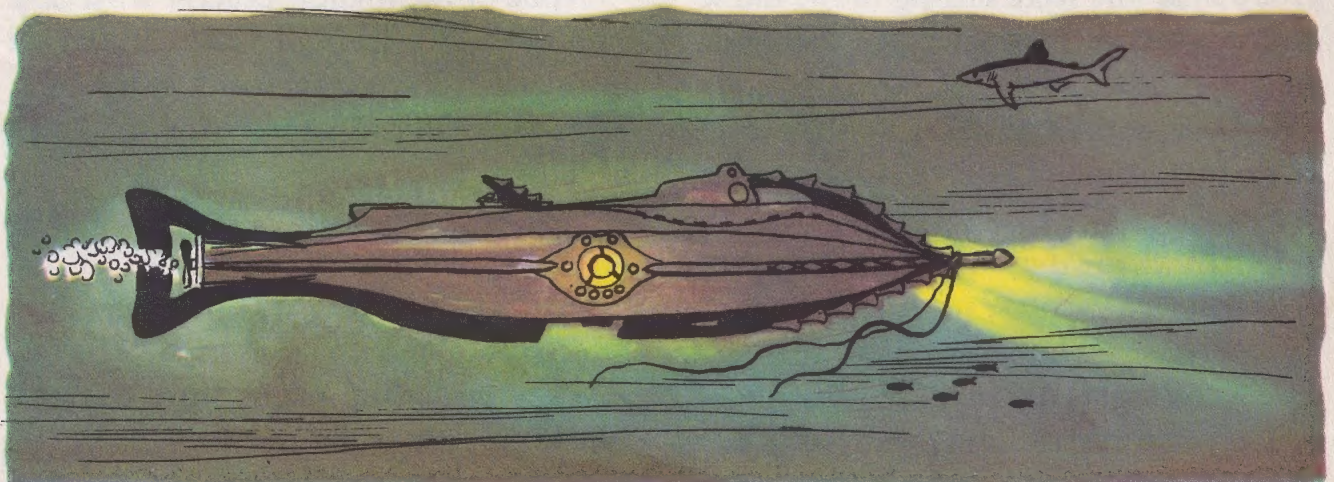
The other sailors took up the cry.

"The Monster! The Monster!" they screamed.

A tremendous roar rose above their screams. Then the ocean frothed as the horrible creature streaked toward the steamship. Behind it a strange yellow glow spread widely over the water.

A moment later the creature struck the "Golden Arrow" squarely amidships. Then it raced on, apparently unharmed by the collision.

The "Golden Arrow" tipped crazily. The foremast crashed to the deck, pulling sails and rigging and spars down with it. With thunderous noises, the ship's timbers



came apart. And her engines hissed as the sea waters rushed over them.

Some of the crew ran for the lifeboats. Others jumped overboard. Some men screamed, and others prayed.

Suddenly the "Golden Arrow's" bow dipped into the water. Lower and lower it dipped until the ship looked as if she were standing on her bow. For a long moment she teetered there. Then she plunged downward.

And on the broad, black ocean nothing moved except a bobbing lifeboat.



In the bottom of the boat lay two men. Their names were Billy Johnson and Mike Magee. They were the only survivors of the "Golden Arrow."

Two days went by. By the morning of the third day, Billy and Mike were weak from hunger and thirst. They were too weak to row or to care where the lifeboat drifted.

Suddenly Billy saw smoke on the horizon. It looked like a broad black ribbon against the cloudless sky. "Look, Mike!" he cried. "A boat!"

Mike squinted in the direction Billy was pointing. "She's coming this way!" he exclaimed.

Billy took off his jacket and tied it, by the sleeve, to one of the oars. Then he raised the oar to an upright position. The jacket caught the wind and bellied out like a sail.

By this time the ship was closer. Finally she was close enough for Mike and Billy to read her name—"Nancy Lee."

"Suppose the lookout doesn't spy us?" fretted Mike.

Billy swallowed hard. "Then we're done for, matey," he said.

However, the lookout of the "Nancy Lee" had sharp eyes—and a fine telescope. He had already spotted the bellying jacket-sail and had reported it to the captain. And, at that very moment, some of the "Nancy Lee's" sailors were preparing to lower a longboat.

In a short while, friendly hands were helping Billy and Mike up the ship's ladder to the deck of the "Nancy Lee."

Three weeks later, Billy and Mike—and the "Nancy Lee"—were safely back in San Francisco.





AN INVITATION



SEVERAL WEEKS went by. More stories of ships sunk by the dreaded Monster reached San Francisco, and sailors refused to ship out even at double wages.

Every day an agent of the Great Western Company went out into the streets to talk to the sailors. He tried to persuade them to ship out on one of the Great Western's boats. But the sailors would not listen to him. Instead, they did their best to shout him.

One day a giant of a man named Casey Moore not only shouted but waved a stout stick. This scared the agent and he ran away down the street.

Casey climbed to the back of a nearby wagon. "Listen to me, mates!" he yelled, waving the stout stick wildly. "If you ship

out, you'll never get back to 'Frisco alive!"

"Who says so?" came a voice from the crowd. A broad-shouldered man pushed through to the front row, crossed to the wagon and stood there, looking up at Casey.

"I say so!" Casey bellowed. "Who are you?"

"My name's Ned Land," replied the other man. "I'm a master harpooner. I don't believe in The Monster."

"Men have seen it," scowled Casey.

"Men see many strange things when they've been at sea a long time," said Ned Land.

Billy Johnson, who was in the crowd, stepped forward. "That's true," he said. "But this monster is as real as the hair on

your head. 'Tis a cable length long from beak to tail, and has eyes like lighthouses. Its teeth are as big as a mainsail and—"

"And that's the tallest tale I ever heard," interrupted Ned. He faced the sailors. "You're fools for believing such a yarn!"

Cra-ack! Casey brought the stout stick down on Ned's head. The blow knocked Ned, face first, into the gutter.

At that moment, the agent came back up the street. Several policemen were with him.

"There he is!" yelled the agent, pointing at Casey.

The policemen started to run toward the wagon.

"The cops!" yelled Billy, racing for a nearby alley.

Casey jumped from the wagon to follow Billy. But by now Ned had scrambled to his feet. He grabbed Casey, whirled him around and smashed a hard fist against Casey's jaw. The blow knocked Casey back across the sidewalk into a large window.

The window broke into a hundred pieces. And Casey fell in through it! Immediately, two policemen grabbed him.

Two more policemen grabbed Ned Land, who was running across the street.

But nobody grabbed Billy Johnson. He was safely hidden behind a barrel in the alley.

A large crowd had been attracted by the excitement. It was so large it blocked the street and forced the driver of an open carriage to pull up.

In the carriage, behind the driver, sat two men. The elder of the two was Professor Pierre Aronnax of the French National Museum. His companion was Conseil, his servant, who also assisted the Professor in his scientific work.

Professor Aronnax was paying no attention to the crowd. He was calmly reading a book.

However, Conseil stood up in the carriage and watched the policemen taking Casey and Ned Land away. "What a town!" he exclaimed. "I shall not be sorry to leave it."



Professor Aronnax looked up from his book. "Neither shall I, but for a different reason," he smiled. "The sooner we sail from here, the sooner we reach Saigon."

"Humph!" snorted Conseil. "Unless this carriage gets under way soon, we shall miss our boat."

"We can move now," said the driver. He cracked his whip and the carriage rattled on toward the dock.

A few minutes later, the driver pulled up in front of the shipping office. Professor Aronnax and Conseil hurried inside. Here they learned their ship would not sail because the crew had deserted.

"But we must get to Saigon," Conseil said to the shipping agent. "Isn't there another ship?"

"No," the agent replied. "There won't be any ship sailing out of this port until The Monster is destroyed."

When Professor Aronnax and Conseil turned away from the desk, three men stepped up to them. These men were newspaper reporters. They wanted to know what the Professor thought about The Monster.



"I have not thought much about it at all," the Professor told them.

"Do you believe such a creature exists?" asked one of the reporters.

Professor Aronnax smiled. "Many strange creatures exist in the depths of the sea."

Another reporter spoke up: "Could any of them drag a ship under the water?"

"If it were big enough," replied the Professor.

"Do not print *that* in the newspaper," said Conseil.

The reporters smiled at Conseil and said nothing. Conseil wondered why they smiled. Late that afternoon he found out.

Professor Aronnax had gone for a short walk. When he returned to the hotel room he was so indignant he neglected to close the door behind him. He slapped a newspaper down on the table and pointed to a drawing on the front page.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed.

Conseil peered at the drawing. It showed a hideous creature flying over

the waves, carrying a large ship in its huge jaws. The words under the picture read:

"MONSTER EXISTS!" SAYS FRENCH SCIENTIST IN WARNING TO WORLD

Professor Aronnax paced the floor. "I did not say that!" he declared. "I— —"

A voice from the doorway interrupted him. "Excuse me. I am looking for Professor Aronnax." The speaker was a tall, dignified-looking man.

Conseil bustled toward him. "I am the Professor's assistant," he said sharply. "He is too busy to see any more reporters."

The man came on into the room. "I'm not a reporter," he smiled. "My name is John Howard. I represent the United States Government."

Professor Aronnax indicated a chair. "Please sit down," he said.

Howard did so, and Aronnax sat down close by.

"When must you be in Saigon, Professor?" asked Howard.

"By the first of the year," Aronnax replied. "But the way things look now, I doubt that I will *ever* get there."

"The United States Government will get you there—on one condition," said Howard.

The Professor frowned. "What is that?"

"The Government is sending an armed frigate—the 'Abraham Lincoln'—to search for The Monster," explained Howard. "We hope to prove whether it exists. You are the world's greatest authority on the sea and its mysteries. If you will sail on this search, we will land you and your assistant at Saigon by the first of the year."

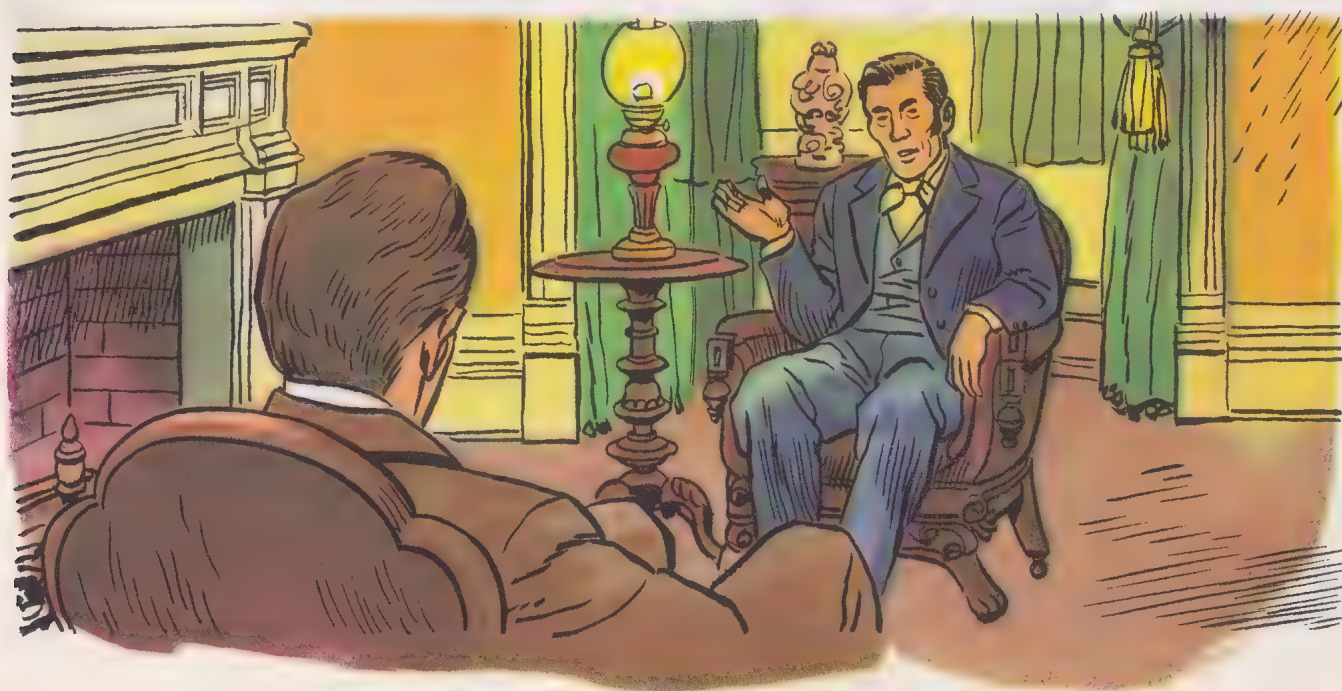
Aronnax thought a moment. Then he said, "Thank you. We will be happy to accept."

"Good!" said Howard. He stood up as he added, "Captain Farragut will command the 'Lincoln.' He is downstairs now. I would like you to meet him."

"I would like it, too," said the Professor.

When Aronnax and Howard had gone, Conseil looked again at the drawing of the winged monster.

"Humph!" he snorted. "I, for one, do not believe any such creature exists!"





A "WILD-GOOSE CHASE"



FEW DAYS later the "Abraham Lincoln" steamed out of San Francisco harbor and headed south.

Professor Aronnax enjoyed talking to Captain Farragut and spent much time on the bridge.

Captain Farragut did not believe in The Monster. He thought the ship disasters had been caused by storms or hidden reefs. He thought The Monster was nothing more than a narwhale, sometimes called a "sea unicorn" because of its long, ivory tusk. He told Professor Aronnax so.

"But I have never heard of a narwhale sinking a ship," said Aronnax.

Captain Farragut frowned. "Neither have I," he said. "However, whatever the creature is, he will not catch us napping.

The 'Lincoln' is fully manned and well-armed. We also have a master harpooner named Ned Land aboard. We bailed him out of jail to sign him on."

When Conseil saw Ned Land, he recognized the harpooner as one of the street brawlers in San Francisco.

"Such riffraff!" snorted Conseil to himself. "I'll have nothing to do with *him!*"

When the "Abraham Lincoln" reached the South Seas, excitement gripped all on board. Day and night, the rigging was crowded with sailors. Each man hoped he would be the first to sight The Monster.

Professor Aronnax kept constant watch, too.

But Conseil was more interested in the warship's guns than in The Monster. He

did not believe in the creature. The "Lincoln's" guns were big ones. They were able to hurl their cone-shaped balls almost ten miles. Conseil thought they could sink any monster of the deep.

A month went by. The warship steamed in circles, crossing and recrossing her course. Still there was no sign of The Monster.

A second month passed. And a third. The Monster did not appear.

One night Captain Farragut called Professor Aronnax, Ned Land and Conseil to the wardroom.

"I am calling off the search," said the Captain bluntly. "It has proved to be only a wild-goose chase." He looked at the Professor. "We will set you and Conseil ashore in Saigon very soon." With that, he strode from the wardroom.

"What do you think about the Captain's decision?" Aronnax asked Ned Land.

"It's all right by me," grinned Ned. "I'll be glad to go back to whaling. Not that I'll get rich at it but it's better than sitting around, letting my harpoon get rusty." He turned to leave the wardroom.

As he did, Conseil said, "Perhaps we are lucky, Professor. If we had met The Monster, it might have sunk us."

Ned turned back. "I doubt that, matey," he laughed. "I've been around some, and I've never seen a whale, or dolphin, or sea unicorn strong enough to sink a warship." He hitched up his trousers and took the companionway stairs two at a time.

Conseil sighed. "It is too bad, Professor. I know you have dreamed of seeing that monster mounted and stuffed—and in the French National Museum."

"It would probably have been too big for that," said Aronnax. He headed for the stairs with Conseil at his heels.

When Aronnax and Conseil reached the deck, Ned was playing his guitar and singing to a group of sailors. Ned was sprawled in the shelter of a longboat. The sailors were grouped around him—some on the deck, some in the rigging.

At the sight of Aronnax and Conseil, Ned began to sing:

*"There's no sea monster big enough
To ever frighten me . . ."*

Aronnax hooked his arm in Conseil's. "Come," he said. "Let us go below. Nobody on board seems to take The Monster too seriously. So perhaps I shouldn't, either."



The words were hardly spoken before a brilliant flash lighted the entire ship. But only for an instant. Deep darkness followed it. Then came an even brighter flash.

Ned dropped his guitar. The sailors jumped to their feet. Aronnax and Conseil ran for the rail to stare off into the night.

Captain Farragut, who was on the bridge, snatched up his telescope and squinted through it.

BOOM! The sound—like that of a giant explosion—echoed across the ocean. On the horizon a pillar of flame shot up into the sky.

"A ship blew up!" yelled Conseil.

"She's burning!" shouted Ned Land.

A second blast boomed across the waters. More flames shot up into the night.

On the bridge Captain Farragut lowered his telescope. "Hard over," he said to the helmsman. "Bear for that ship."

The helmsman spun the wheel.

The Captain turned to First Mate Hardy. "Mr. Hardy, pipe all hands to quarters."

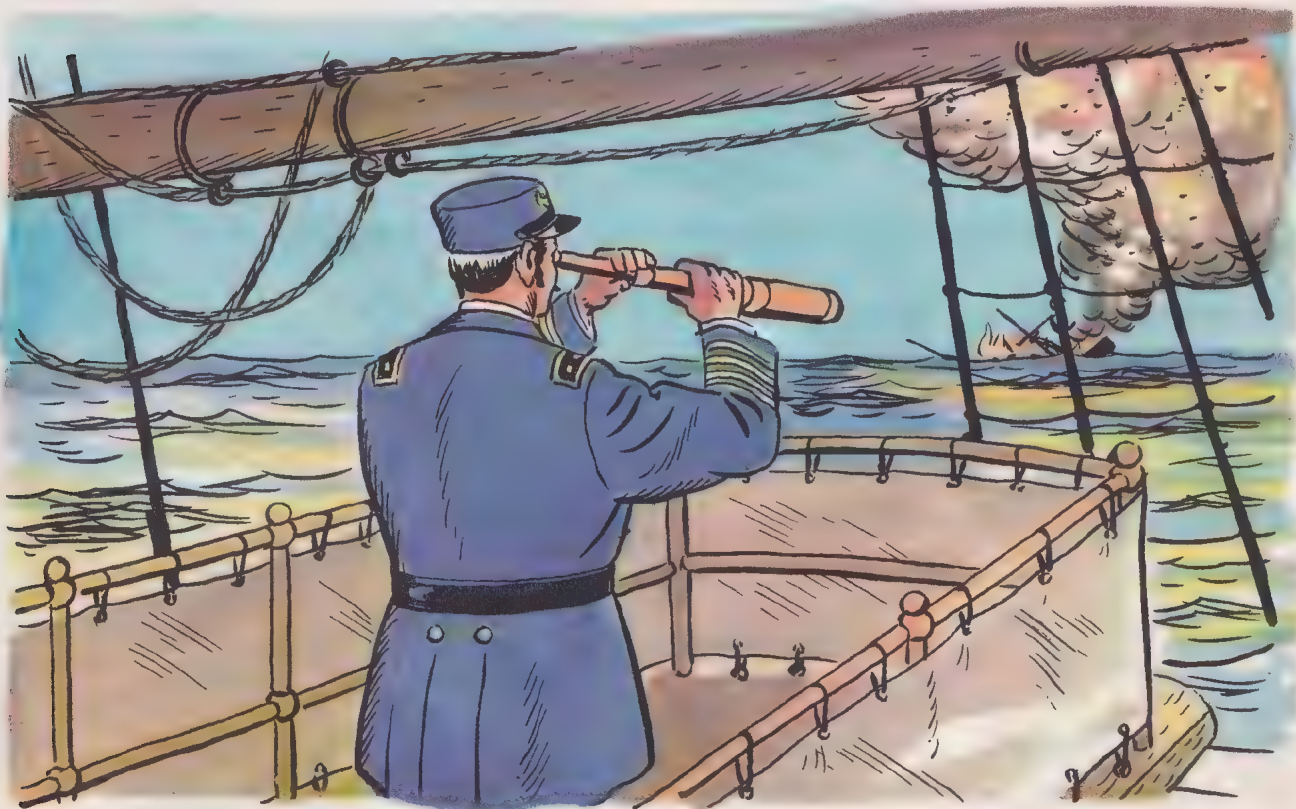
"Aye, sir," said Hardy, leaving the bridge on the run.

Now Captain Farragut stepped to the engine telegraph and jammed it over to "Full Ahead." Bells jangled loudly. Above their noise, the Captain shouted into the speaking tube leading down to the engine room. "Full speed ahead!" he bellowed.

The frigate shuddered from stem to stern as the engineer obeyed the Captain's orders.

The shrill piping of the bo's'n's whistle rose from the deck. Mingled with the piping was shouting and the thump-thump of feet as the sailors scurried to their stations.

The frigate swung in a wide half-circle. Then she straightened out and steamed toward the flaming horizon.





ATTACK IN THE NIGHT

WHEN THE "Abraham Lincoln" reached the scene, nothing was left of the flaming ship except floating debris. The frigate's engines slowed and the crew lined the rails to look for survivors.

No one spoke. No one moved. The silence and the darkness were as frightening as the explosions and the flames.

Aronnax stood at the rail with Conseil and Chief Gunner Carson.

After several moments, Chief Gunner Carson said, "I'm thinking she went down with all hands. But I can't figure out what made her blow up."

"Perhaps something struck her," suggested the Professor.

"It must have been The Monster!" shouted one of the sailors.

Captain Farragut heard the sailor's shout and yelled from the bridge, "There is no such creature!"

But at that moment . . .

"Ahoy the deck!" shouted the lookout from high above. "Floating object to starboard!"

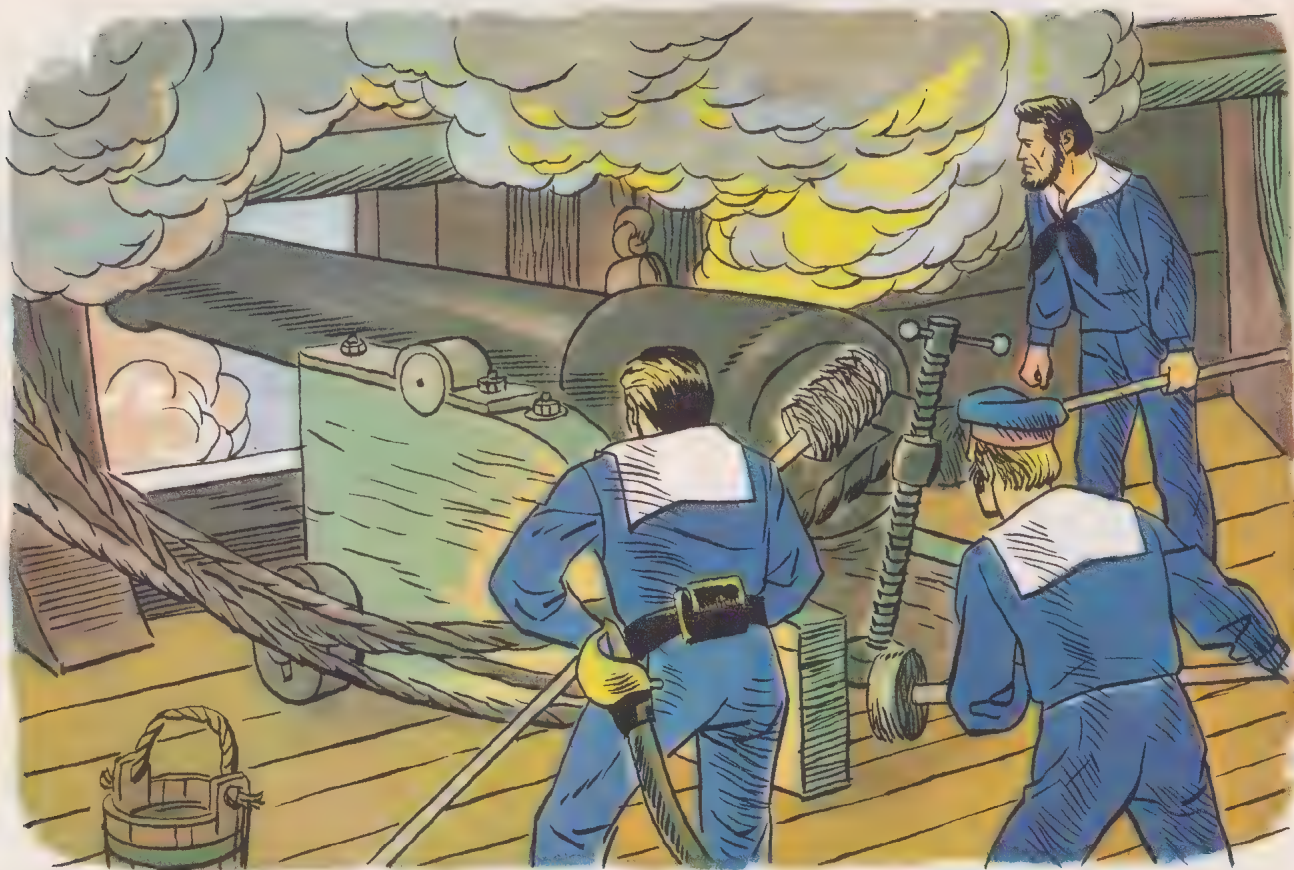
"Which side is starboard?" Conseil asked the Professor.

"To the right as you look toward the bow," said Aronnax. He hurried to the starboard rail.

Conseil followed and saw a huge, dark shape rising out of the water. It looked like a great sea mammal.

Instantly wild cries rang out. Some were cries of fear; others were cries of excitement.

Conseil made no outcry. For the first



time, he found himself compelled to believe in The Monster.

Ned Land darted into the nearest hatch, quickly returning with his harpoon.

The deck was cleared for action. The sailors rushed to their gun stations. Captain Farragut again sent orders to the engine room for "Full Speed Ahead!"

Meanwhile The Monster had pulled ahead of the warship. It was racing off into the night, leaving a strange yellow glow behind it.

"Into the longboat, Mr. Land!" shouted Captain Farragut when he saw Ned running along the deck, waving his harpoon.

"Aye, sir!" cried Ned. He climbed the rail and leaped into the longboat, now swinging free from the ship's side. And there he stood, holding his harpoon in striking position.

The frigate's guns thundered. But their shells fell short of The Monster, which was zooming away at terrific speed.

"It behaves very strangely for a monster," Professor Aronnax said to Conseil.

Conseil looked surprised. "You mean it may not *be* one?"

"Well, it is not a narwhale," replied Aronnax. "I am sure of that. Why, it must be going more than fifty miles an hour!"

The guns thundered again. Black smoke poured over the deck. The frigate picked up speed. Chief Gunner Carson leaped up into the rigging and peered into the night.

"What's the matter, Carson?" yelled Captain Farragut.

Carson cupped his hands and yelled back, "She's showing us her heels, sir."

"Then hit her in the heels!" the Captain ordered.

Carson dropped to the deck to help the gun crews load and prime the cannons.

The guns roared and bucked. Orange fire lighted the blackness as cannon balls whizzed off to straddle The Monster. When the cannon balls hit the water, they sent towers of white froth shooting high into the air.

Again the guns roared. And The Monster suddenly stopped.

"A hit!" yelled Carson. "She's turning!"

With Conseil's help, Professor Aronax climbed up into the lower shrouds so that he could get a good look at the terrifying creature.

A terrible moaning sound rose above the roar of the guns. Long beams of blinding whiteness swept over the frigate. The Monster gathered speed and came charging toward the warship.

"Get your helm up!" shouted Captain Farragut.

Conseil did not have to ask what that meant. He knew. It meant that the helmsman should turn the ship.

The helmsman spun the wheel. The warship started a turn. But The Monster was moving too fast. It struck the frigate on the starboard side. There was a grinding crash, and the ship tilted crazily. Timbers flew in all directions.



The force of the crash broke the ropes holding the longboat. It tumbled bow-first into the sea, throwing Ned Land into the water where an enormous wave carried him away.

A tall ventilator toppled over, smacked into the starboard rail and swept Professor Aronnax overboard along with guns and gear and ammunition.

Although half-blinded by the salt water, Aronnax managed to grab hold of a floating spar and hang onto it.

On deck, Conseil was peeling off his coat. "Hang on, Professor!" he screamed.

He climbed up on the starboard rail, took a deep breath and jumped. He was under water only a few seconds. When

he came to the surface, he struck out for Aronnax, who was still clinging to the spar.

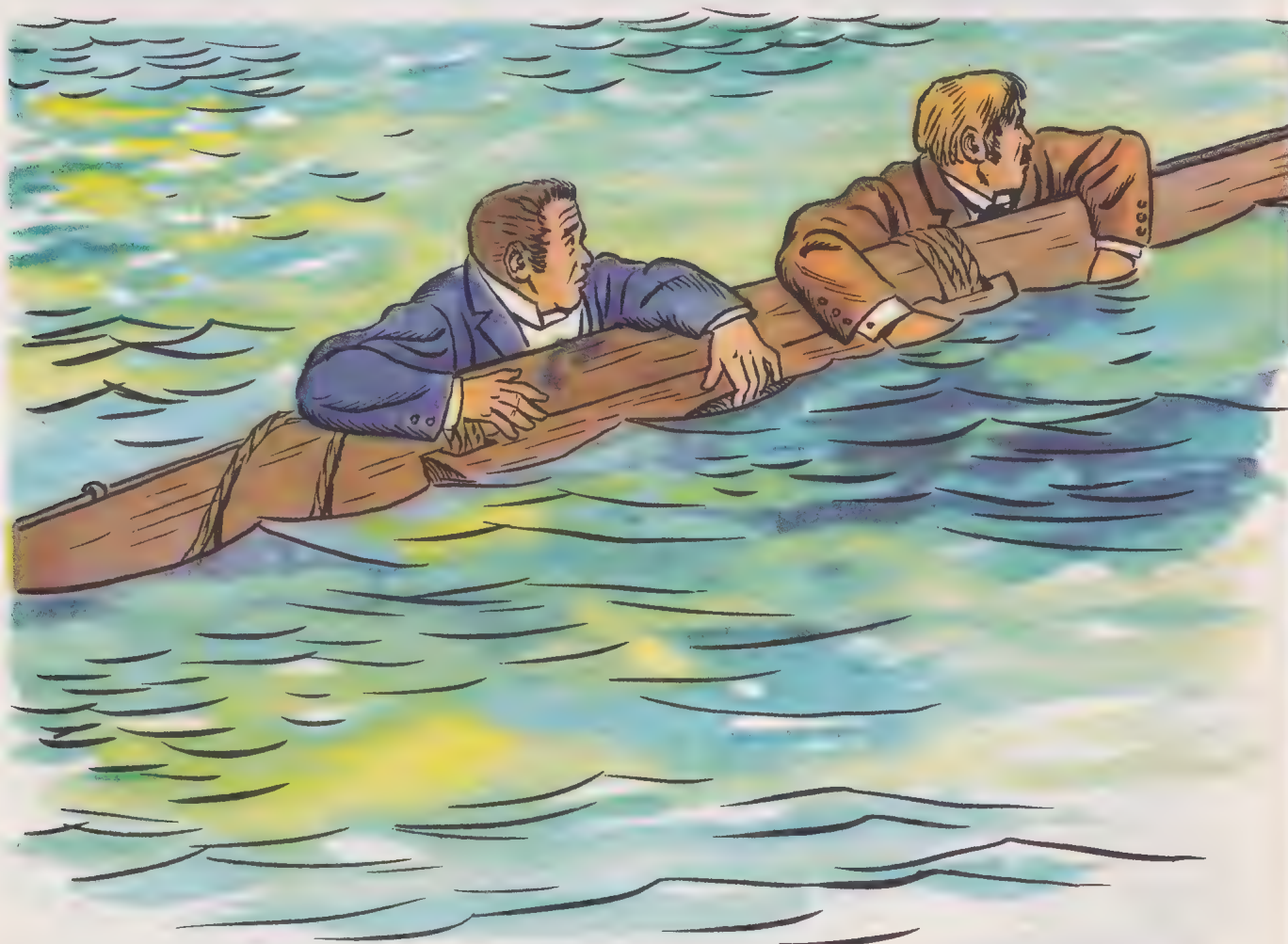
Conseil grabbed the spar, too. Then both men looked toward the frigate.

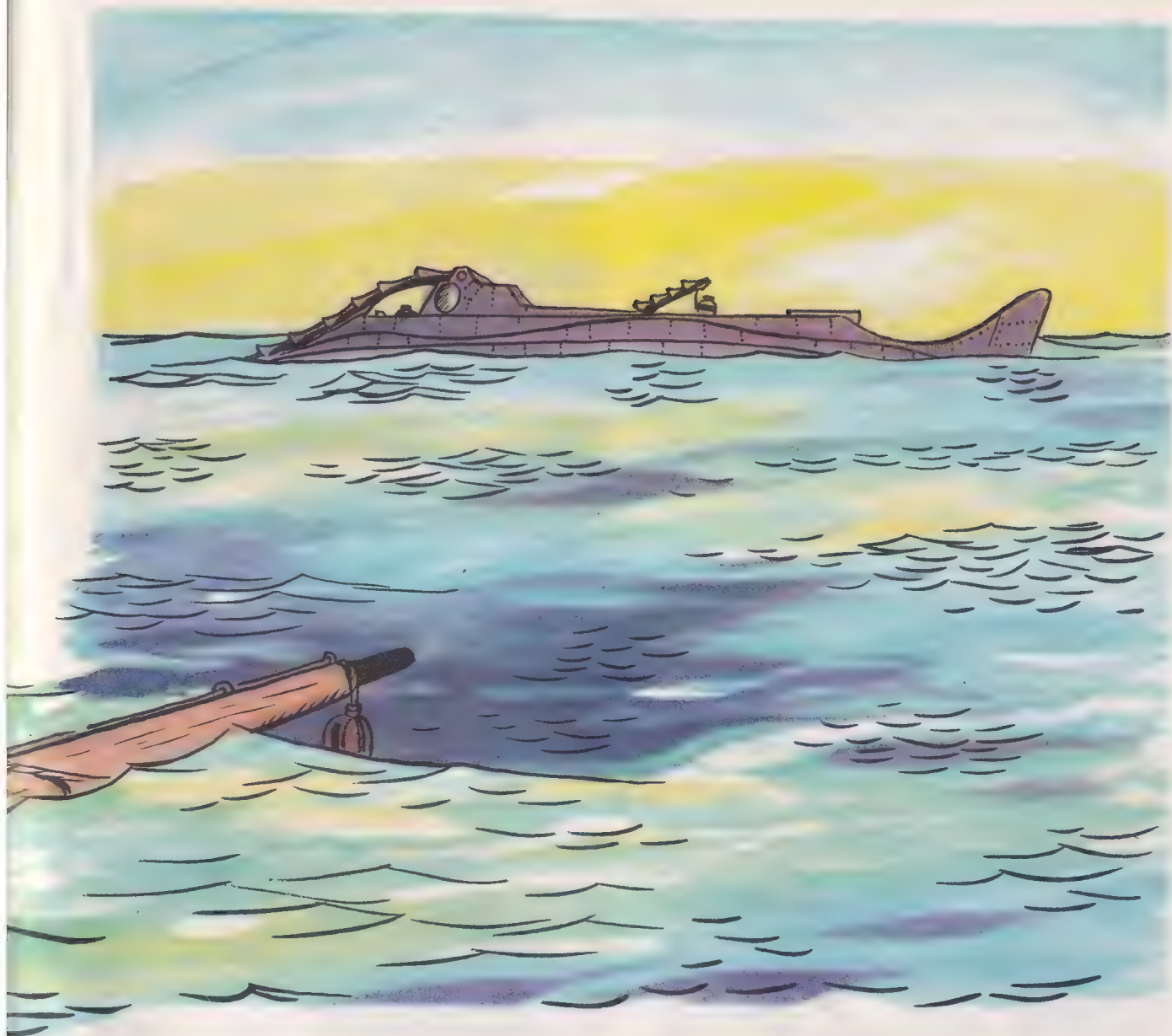
The "Lincoln" lay partly on its side. Its engines were stilled, and it was drifting away.

Conseil waved one arm. "Help!" he shouted. "Don't leave us!"

Professor Aronnax sighed. "They cannot help us, Conseil."

Conseil knew the Professor was right, so he did not yell again. He just clung to the spar and, with Aronnax, drifted slowly away into the darkness and silence of the endless sea.





AMAZING DISCOVERIES



ALL NIGHT long Aronnax and Conseil clung to the floating spar. When daylight came they found themselves surrounded by fog. They were both numb from cold.

"If we could only see something!" gasped Aronnax.

Conseil squinted through the fog. Were his eyes playing tricks on him? Or did he actually see a dark mass ahead? He kicked his feet vigorously to force the

spar forward. Suddenly he cried, "Look, Professor!"

Aronnax raised his head. The dark mass could be plainly seen now. It looked something like a giant fish with a tall back fin. But it was not a fish; it was a vessel made of iron plates riveted to a hull. It was nearly two hundred feet long, with jagged prongs at the bow. Behind these prongs was a turret in which was a large, glassed-in porthole.

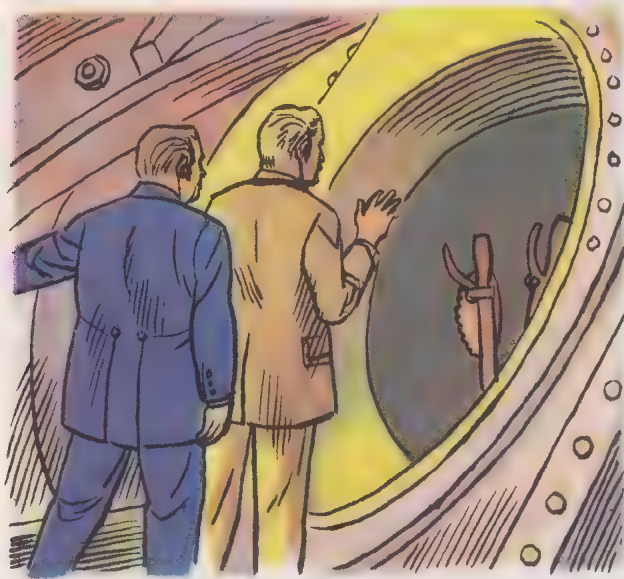
"It's The Monster!" gasped Conseil.

"I do not care what it is," said Aronnax weakly. "Let us get aboard."

Conseil pulled himself onto the strange vessel. Then, using both hands, he hauled Aronnax aboard. For a moment both men lay still, too exhausted to move. Then Conseil got unsteadily to his feet, and Aronnax sat up and looked around.

Conseil walked to the porthole in the turret. Peering through it, he exclaimed, "What a strange-looking wheelhouse!"

Aronnax stumbled to Conseil's side, and stared at the levers and dials and steering gear that almost filled the inside of the turret. "Conseil," he said hoarsely, "this vessel is a submarine."

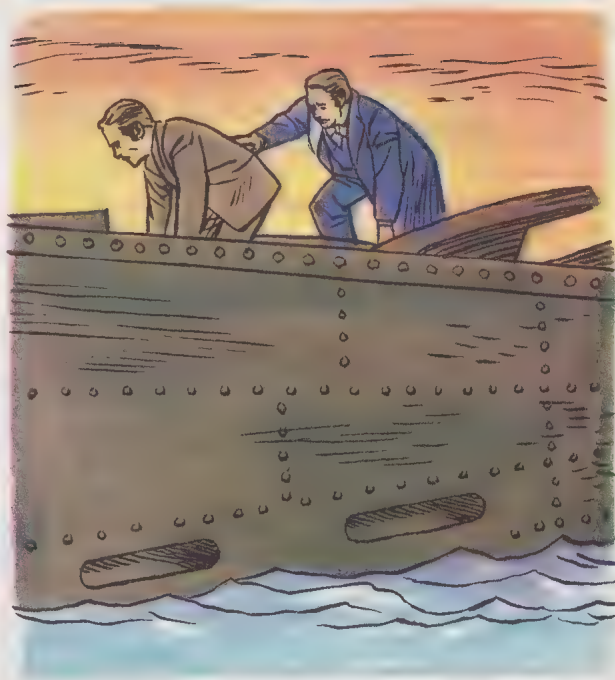


"A what?" gulped Conseil.

"A boat that sails under water," Aronnax explained. "Men have dreamed of such a boat for many years. I wonder who made this one. He—"

"It can't be a boat!" interrupted Conseil. "It's breathing. Listen."

The Professor did so and heard a slow, sighing sound. It seemed to come from the other side of the turret. "Let us see what it is," he said.



When they rounded the turret they saw that several of the iron plates were tilted up from the deck. The slow, sighing sound came from openings below these plates.

"What are those?" asked Conseil.

"You might call them breathing-flaps," replied Aronnax. "The submarine is taking in a fresh air supply." He walked to an open hatch behind the first tilted plate and looked down. He could see a flight of stairs at the end of which was a patch of bright light. "Ahoy!" he called. "Is anybody aboard?"

No answer came from below. Aronnax called again. There was still no answer.

"It seems quite deserted," said Aronnax, starting down the stairs.

Nervously, Conseil followed him.

The stairs ended at a narrow balcony from which more stairs led to a room below. This room was lighted by glowing balls in wall brackets. Other lights winked on a large control panel set into a bulkhead. At the far end of the room, a circular stairway wound up toward the wheel-

house. Through a side door a corridor could be seen.

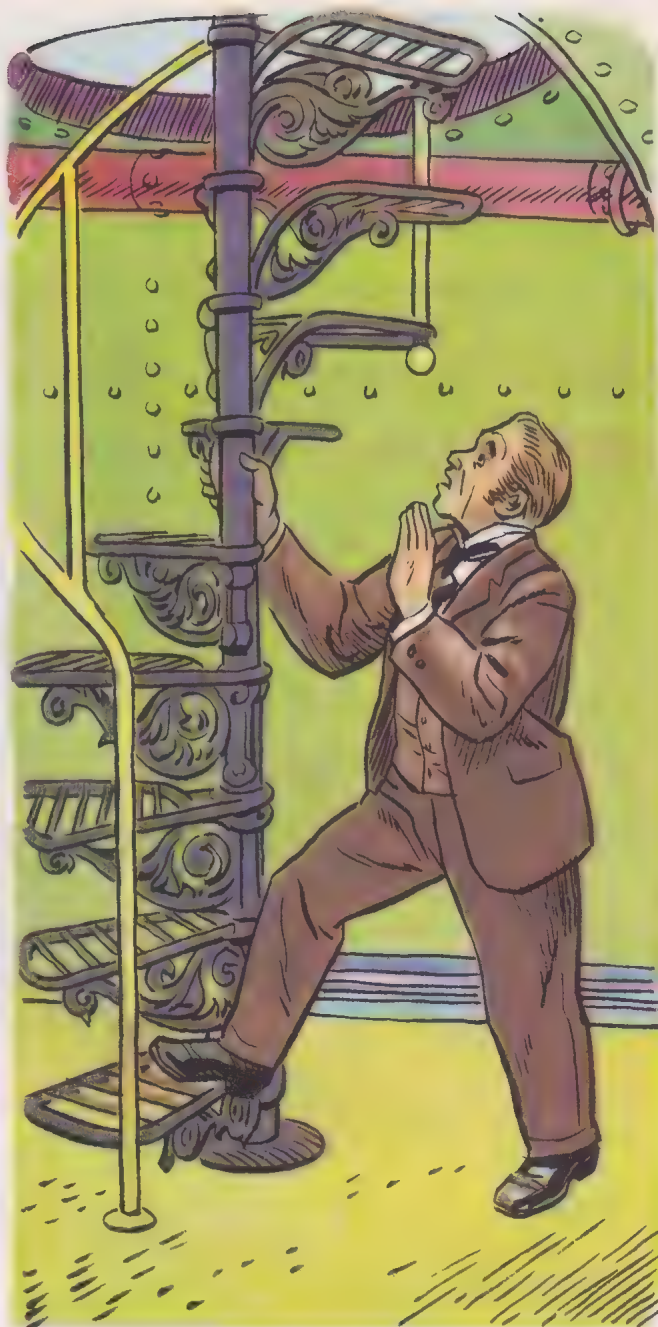
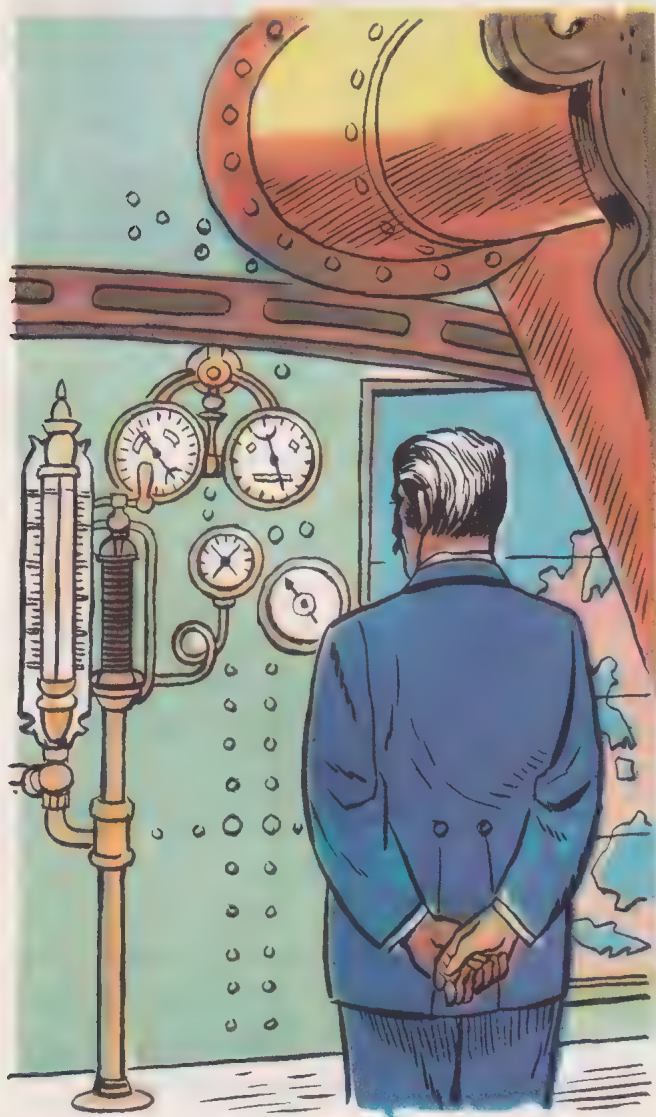
"Why, it's as bright as day in here!" exclaimed Conseil. "And there isn't any gas or oil in those strange lamps, either."

"True," Aronnax said. "There is a great mind behind all this."

"And great evil," said Conseil with a shudder.

Aronnax did not answer. He was hurrying down the second flight of stairs.

Again Conseil followed — but more slowly. By the time he reached the lower room, the Professor was studying the many dials and winking lights on the control panel. Conseil went straight to the side door and yelled into the corridor.



"Hello!" he called hoarsely. "Ahoy!"

"Ahoy!" came a very faint voice from above.

Hurrying back to the balcony stairs, Conseil listened closely. The very faint voice came again. "Ahoy! Anybody aboard?"

"Professor!" cried Conseil. "Somebody's up on deck! Come on!" He darted up the stairs.

Aronnax did not follow Conseil. He went out into the corridor.

When Conseil reached the deck, he could scarcely believe his eyes. An overturned longboat was bobbing alongside the submarine. Straddling it, and paddling with one oar, was Ned Land!

"The harpooner from the 'Lincoln'!" gasped Conseil. He was so glad to see another familiar face that he forgot about thinking of Ned as ruffian.



"The Professor's handy man!" exclaimed Ned. "Was he saved?"

"Yes," Conseil replied. "I do not know about the others."

Ned paddled the longboat closer and leaped aboard the submarine. "Well," he grinned, "so this is the Professor's monster! I suppose he's below looking it over."

Conseil nodded.

"Anybody else aboard?" asked Ned.

"Not that we know of" said Conseil.

Ned pointed to the longboat. "Let's turn that right-side up," he said. "We may need it for a getaway."

Conseil hurried to help. Just as the longboat was righted and tied to the submarine's hull a rumbling noise sounded behind the two men. They whirled.

The hatch was rolling shut!

Ned and Conseil rushed toward it but they were too late. It was tightly closed.

Ned tried to pull it open. "It won't budge," he said. "Let's see if there's another one aft."

"Aft?" frowned Conseil.

"At the back," said Ned.

They started down the deck, hanging onto the railing alongside the tall back fin. Suddenly Ned stopped. Caught in the railing was his harpoon. Eagerly he seized it. Then he hurried to join Conseil who had discovered another hatch behind the fin. They raised the hatch cover, propped it open with Ned's harpoon and hurried down winding stairs.

At the bottom of the stairs, Ned and Conseil found themselves in a hollow steel room with a heavy door at the opposite end. This door led them into a narrow corridor.

"We must find the Professor and get away before the crew returns," said Conseil. "I have a feeling they are evil men."

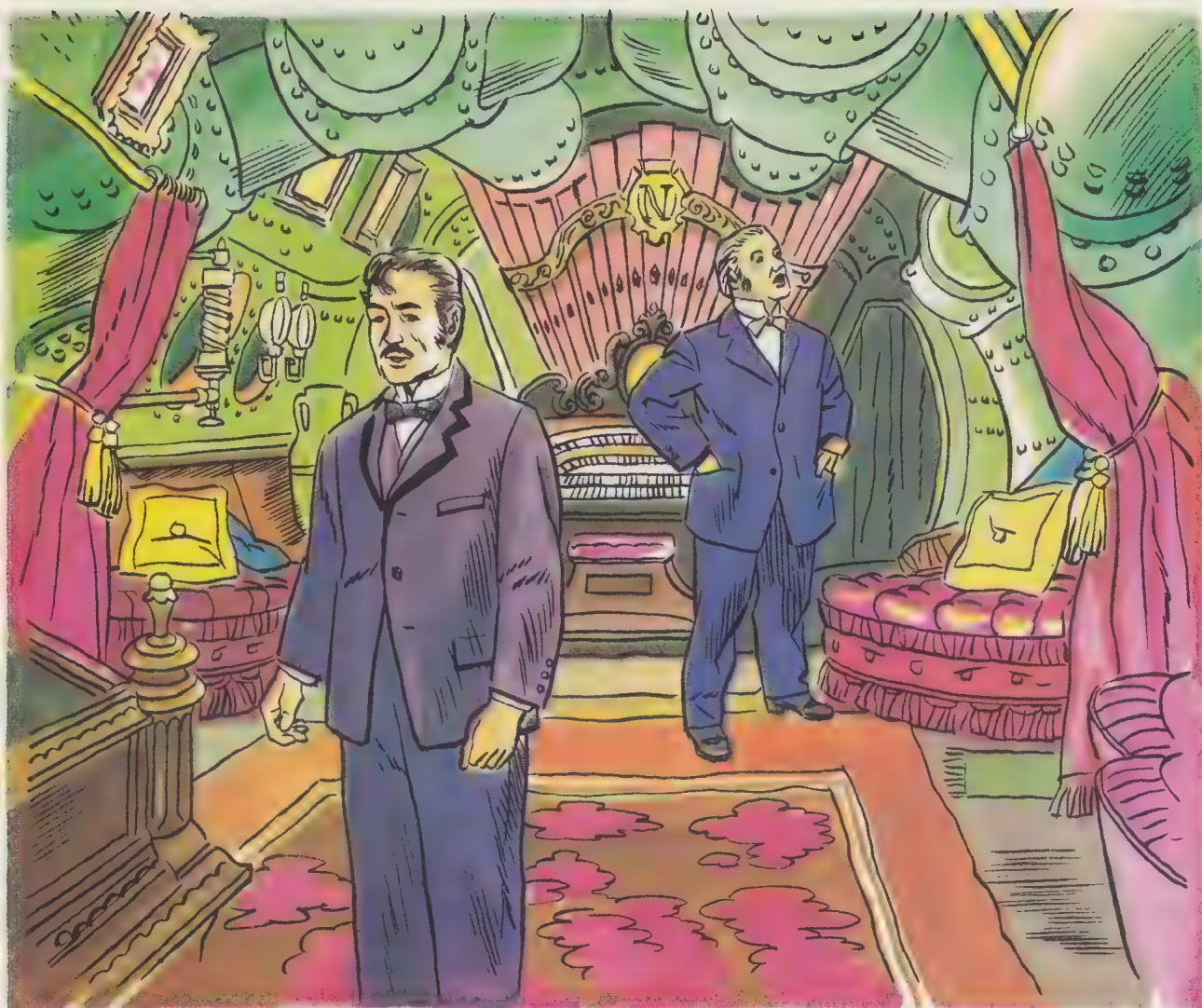
"So have I," said Ned, following Conseil down the corridor.

This corridor had steel doors on both sides. One of the doors was open. Conseil peered through it. "It's the kitchen," he said.

"You mean the galley," chuckled Ned. He went into the room. "We'll be needing water and food. I'll get them."

"And I will find the Professor," said Conseil, moving on down the corridor.

At the end of the corridor hung red velvet curtains, richly embroidered.



Conseil parted them and gasped in amazement. He was looking into a magnificent cabin. Rich Oriental rugs covered the floor. Beautiful tapestries and paintings hung on the walls. On both sides of the cabin were couches, upholstered in red velvet. Handsomely bound books lined wall shelves beside these couches. A large glass case, supported by iron legs, stood in the center of the cabin.

However, these rich furnishings were not entirely responsible for Conseil's amazement. Centering each side of the cabin were great, round, glass windows. Professor Aronnax was standing in front of one of these windows. He was staring,

open-mouthed, out into the ocean depths.

"Professor!" cried Conseil.

"Quiet!" said Aronnax. "I am watching a funeral."

Conseil gulped and joined the Professor. Then his mouth fell open, too, as he saw what was taking place outside the submarine. He could see clearly because the sun's rays were piercing the water like huge, bright columns.

Dark figures, wearing strange-looking diving suits and helmets, were moving through the arches of a coral forest. The tallest of the figures walked alone; apparently he was the leader. The others were carrying an oblong object wrapped in

white cloth. And they were walking toward a tall cross of coral held upright by large stones. The leader stopped at this cross and folded his arms as the white object was lowered into a shallow grave.

Conseil could keep quiet no longer. "Professor," he whispered, "are those men the crew of this submarine?"

"They must be," replied Aronnax. "Look! They are filling in the grave with pieces of coral."

Conseil shuddered. Then he said, "Ned Land is here with a boat. We must get away before those men return."

"Of course," said Aronnax, watching the dark figures as they knelt around the grave.

Conseil tugged at the Professor. "We must go *now*!" he declared.

"Very well," sighed Aronnax.

When Conseil turned, he had another surprise. Alongside the curtained doorway, through which he had entered, stood a magnificent gold organ. Its golden pipes

fanned upward to the ceiling, which was a mass of iron and steel. A second curtained doorway was on the other side of this organ.

"Unbelievable, is it not?" said Aronnax as he and Conseil hurried toward the corridor leading to the galley.

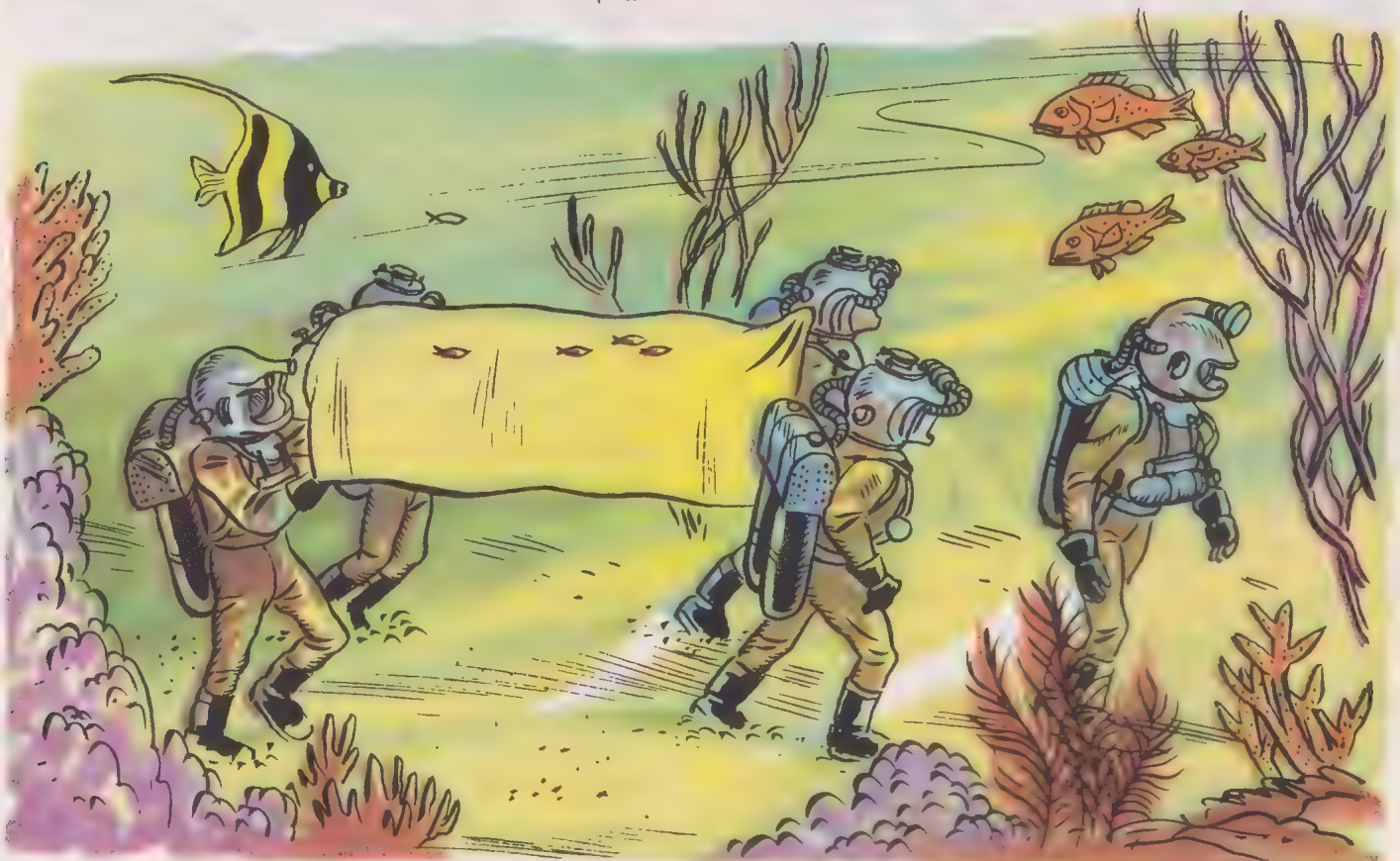
"Indeed it is," said Conseil. He was so nervous his voice shook.

As the curtains fell behind Aronnax and Conseil, the men kneeling by the grave rose to their feet. They bowed their heads while the leader raised his arm. It was his last farewell to their dead companion. Then they all began their slow trudging back toward the submarine.

Suddenly the leader signaled for a halt. He pointed upward and the men lifted their helmeted heads to look that way.

Above them was the clearly outlined bottom of the longboat.

The leader waved his arm. And the group moved on, swiftly now, toward the submarine.





SENTENCE OF DEATH



As ARONNAX and Conseil hurried up the corridor, Ned Land came out of the galley. He was carrying a jug of water and a large sack of food.

The three men hurried up to the deck, and Conseil and the Professor went directly to the longboat. Seizing his harpoon, Ned followed them.

"Shove off, lads!" shouted Ned, leaping into the boat. He snatched up the oar and began to paddle vigorously.

At that moment six of the helmeted divers popped up out of the water and seized the sides of the longboat.

Wham! Ned smacked the oar down on the head of the nearest diver. The blow did not even dent the man's helmet. So Ned dropped the oar and picked up his harpoon. With the harpoon, he jabbed at the diver. The man fell back, wounded. One of the other divers grabbed the wounded

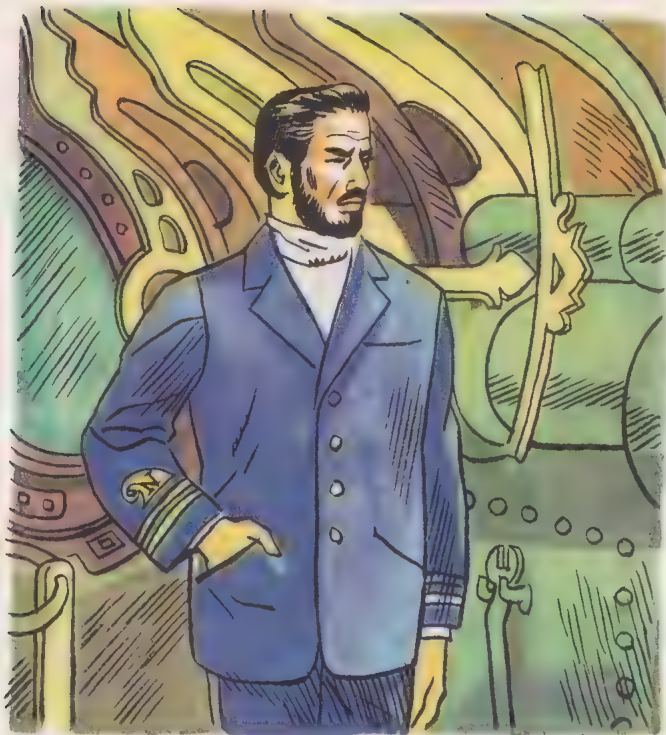
man and pulled him to safety. A third diver yanked the harpoon out of Ned's hands.

In the meantime, Conseil had snatched up the oar and struck out at a diver with it. The diver ducked the blow. Then he grabbed the oar and jerked it away from Conseil.

The other two divers were forcing the longboat back toward the submarine. Professor Aronnax could not stop them because he had no oar or harpoon, only his bare hands.

Now more crewmen popped out of the hatch and swarmed across the deck to the longboat. And in a very few moments the Professor and Conseil and Ned were prisoners. They were marched along the deck to the hatch behind the turret. Then they were marched down the stairs to the room below the balcony.

Here a tall man in a sea-captain's uniform was waiting. His bearded face was



stern and his eyes were burning. "Are you men from the warship that attacked me?" he asked Professor Aronnax.

"Yes," replied Aronnax. "We thought this was a sea monster. We did not know it was a submarine."

"And what are your names?" asked the Captain.

Aronnax told him.

"I have heard of you, Professor," said the Captain. "I have read your books, too. I am Captain Nemo and this submarine is the 'Nautilus.'" He looked at the crewmen who were guarding the prisoners. "Take Land and Conseil on deck," he ordered.

The crewmen seized the two men and started to drag them toward the stairs.

"What are you going to do with us?" cried Ned.

Captain Nemo's eyes flashed. "Destroy you," he said, "because you came here to destroy me." He motioned to the crewmen. "Take them away," he ordered.

The crewmen forced Ned and Conseil back up the stairs.

Aronnax watched them go. Then he turned to Captain Nemo. "You cannot kill them," he said. "They have not done any harm."

Captain Nemo shrugged. "The sea brought them," he said. "The sea shall have them back. Come! Let us go to the salon." He walked toward the door at the side of the room, and Aronnax followed.

The salon turned out to be the magnificent cabin.

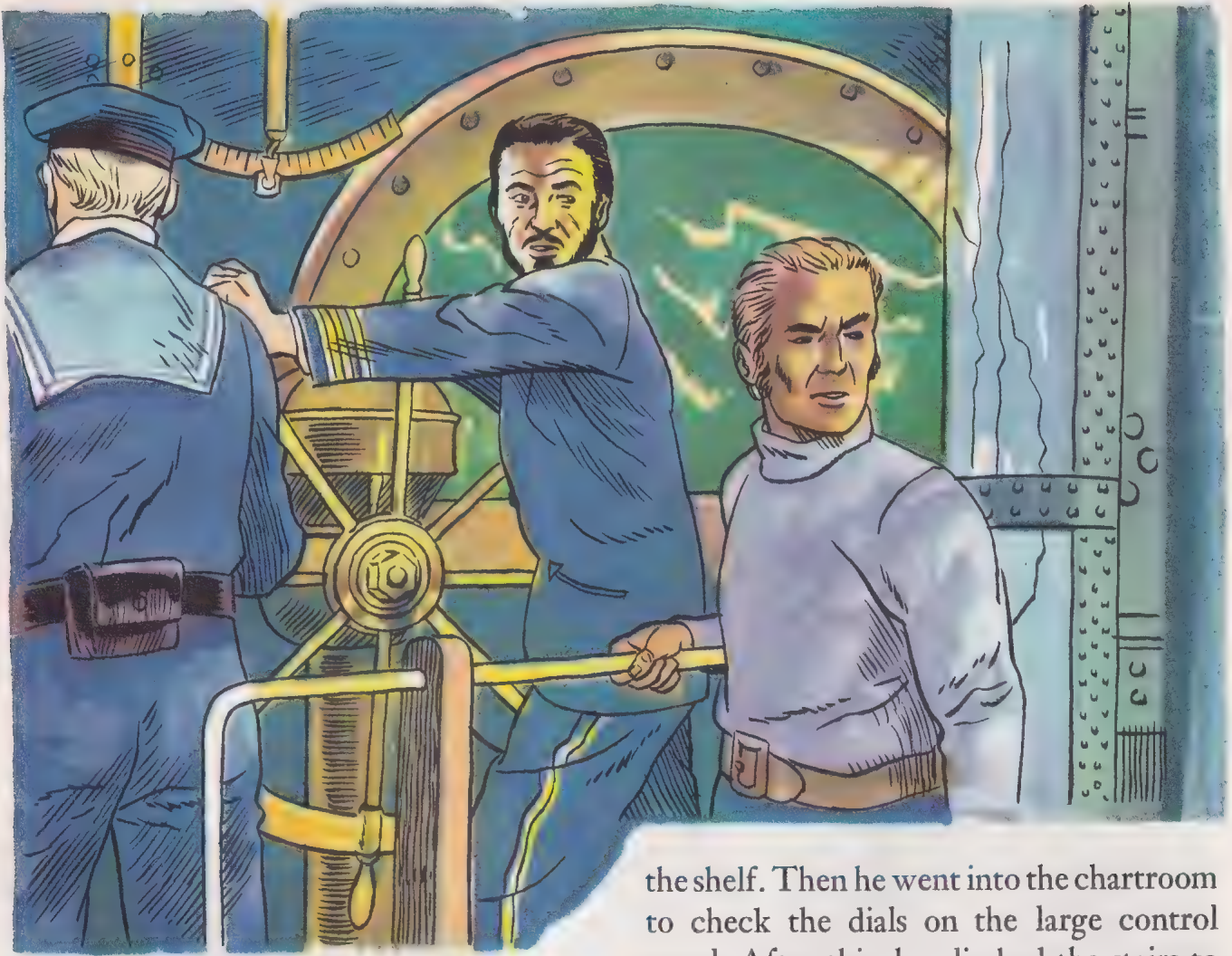
When Nemo and Aronnax reached it, the Professor said, "If Ned and Conseil are guilty of wrong-doing, so am I."

Nemo did not answer. He took a book from one of the shelves. It was a book written by Professor Aronnax.

"You have a great deal to learn about the depths of the ocean, Professor," said Nemo as he flipped the book's pages. "I know everything about them—all their secrets. I will share my knowledge with you."

"But what about Conseil and Ned?" frowned Aronnax.





"They will die," replied Nemo calmly.

Professor Aronnax squared his shoulders and looked Nemo fearlessly in the eyes. "Then I choose to die with them," he said.

Again Nemo shrugged. He flipped a wall switch and, in the distance, a bell jangled.

"I am sorry you feel that way, Professor," said Nemo. He turned to a crewman coming through one of the curtained doorways. "Take him away, Mate."

"Aye, sir," said the Mate.

"Then prepare to dive," Nemo added, as the Mate led Aronnax toward the doorway.

The Mate saluted. "Aye, sir."

Nemo put the Professor's book back on

the shelf. Then he went into the chartroom to check the dials on the large control panel. After this, he climbed the stairs to the wheelhouse.

The helmsman was at the wheel. Two other crewmen stood silently at the control levers.

Captain Nemo walked to the large porthole through which he could see the after part of the "Nautilus." The hatches and breathing flaps were tightly closed now. Clinging to the tall back fin were Professor Aronnax, Conseil and Ned Land.

Ned saw Captain Nemo at the porthole and shook his fist angrily. Professor Aronnax saw Nemo, too, and lifted his head high as if he were not afraid to die.

Over his shoulder, Nemo spoke to the helmsman. "Ahead—slow," he said.

Bells jangled. The control levers clanked as the crewmen pushed them forward.

And the "Nautilus" began to move through the water.

Captain Nemo gave the order to dive—but *very* slowly. The deck of the submarine slanted downward a little. Waves poured over the wheelhouse and over the three men clinging to the back fin.

The deck slanted a little more. The water swirled higher and higher . . . until it reached the waists of the men on the deck. Still Professor Aronnax gave no sign that he had changed his mind about dying with his companions.

Suddenly Captain Nemo turned away from the porthole. "Stop all engines," he said. "Then surface."

The levers clanked again. Slowly the "Nautilus" started to rise to the surface.

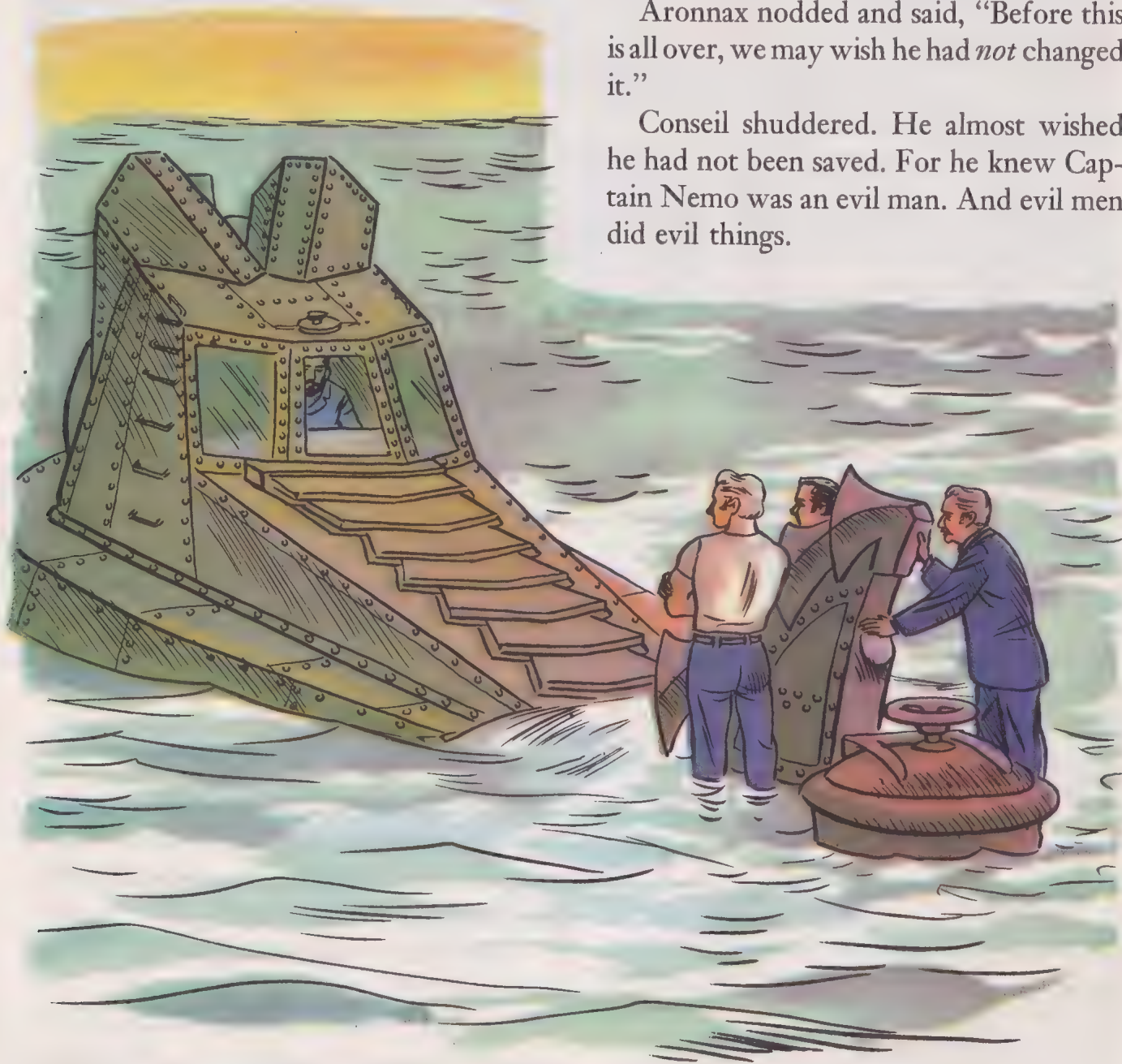
The Mate came up from the chartroom into the wheelhouse. "Take the prisoners below," Captain Nemo said to him. "Lock them in a cabin."

"Aye, sir," said the Mate.

Out on deck, Ned Land stared at the Professor. "He isn't going to drown us!" Ned exclaimed. "He's changed his mind."

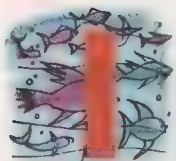
Aronnax nodded and said, "Before this is all over, we may wish he had *not* changed it."

Conseil shuddered. He almost wished he had not been saved. For he knew Captain Nemo was an evil man. And evil men did evil things.





A STRANGE MEAL



IT WAS an hour later.

The "Nautilus" was moving through the ocean depths. It moved so slowly it scarcely disturbed the hundreds of brightly colored fish swimming there.

Aboard the submarine Captain Nemo was in the salon eating dinner. There were three empty chairs at his table; apparently he was expecting company.

The salon was ablaze with light. The great round side windows no longer looked out upon the ocean. They were shuttered with metal panels. A steward was waiting on the Captain. He served the food from dishes on a nearby sideboard.

All at once, a large seal flopped into the salon. He was Snoopy, Captain Nemo's pet. He clapped his flippers together and flopped over to the table.

"Hello, Snoopy," smiled Captain Nemo. "Are you hungry?"

Snoopy clapped his flippers again and sat up on his tail. It was his way of saying "yes."

Nemo chuckled and popped a piece of fish into Snoopy's mouth.

At that moment, a sailor came through one of the curtained doorways. Behind him came Professor Aronnax, Conseil and Ned. They had changed from their wet clothes and were now wearing uniforms like those worn by the crewmen of the "Nautilus."

"Be seated, please," Captain Nemo nodded at the three empty chairs.

"Thank you," said Aronnax.

While the steward was bringing food to the newcomers, Captain Nemo said, "Your own clothes are being dried. They will soon be returned to you."

"Thank you," said Aronnax again. Then he added, "We are grateful to you for sparing our lives."

Nemo scowled. "Never mind that!" he snapped. "Just do not try to escape."

None of the other three answered him. They began to eat. The Professor and Conseil ate quietly—as well-mannered people always eat. But Ned Land ate noisily and smacked his lips over every mouthful. He also shoveled his food into his mouth with his knife.

"Mr. Land!" barked Captain Nemo. "You have been given a fork. Why don't you use it?"

"I get more food faster this way," chuckled Ned.

Professor Aronnax looked a little worried. He did not want Captain Nemo to grow angry with them, so he said quickly, "This is a delicious dinner, Captain."

"I'm glad you like it," said Nemo. "All our food comes from the ocean."

"Even this veal?" asked Ned.

Nemo smiled. "That is not veal. It is fillet of sea snake."

"Wh-what is this?" stammered Conseil, pointing to his plate.

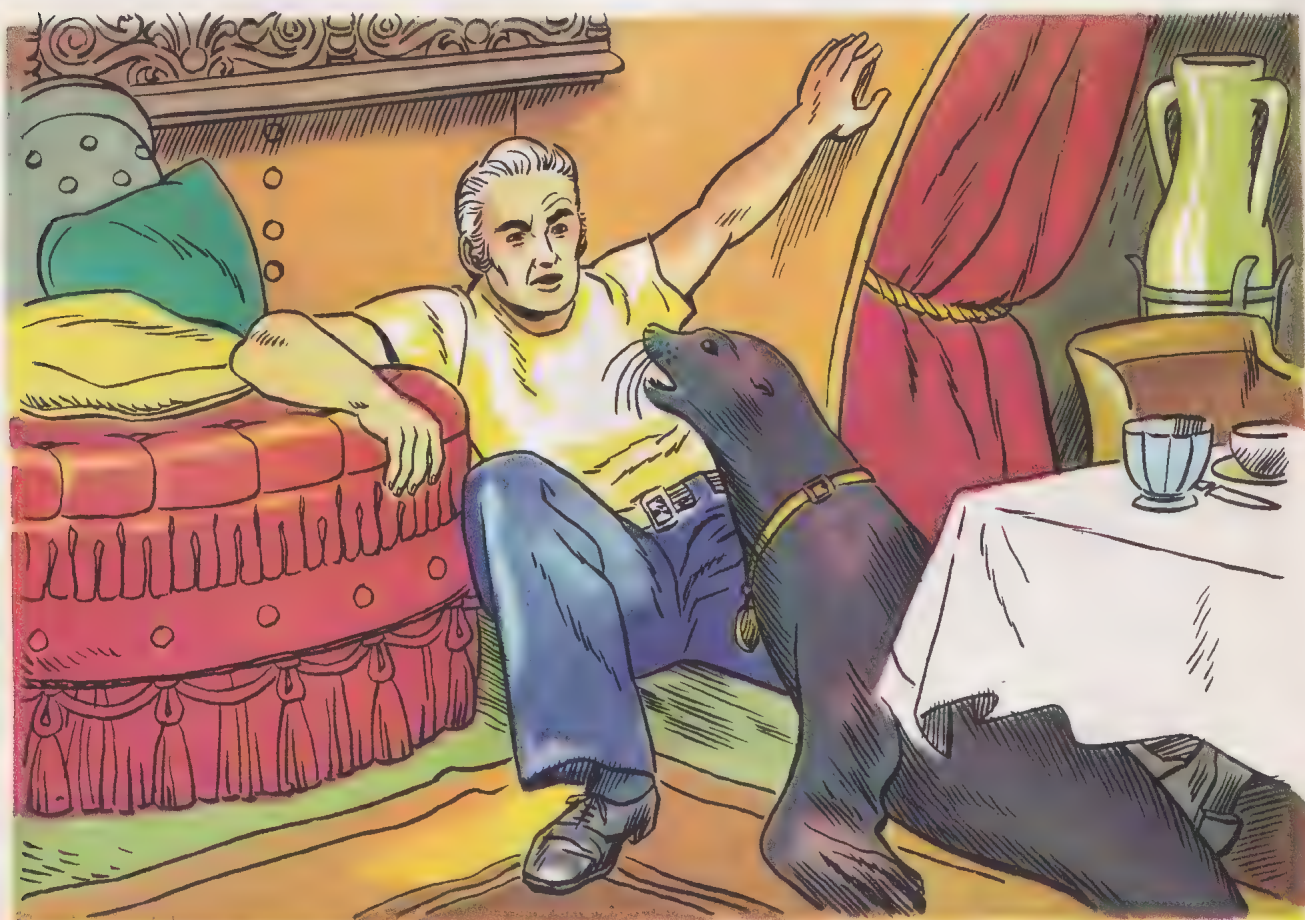
Captain Nemo leaned over to look. "That is blowfish," he said, "with sea squirt dressing. Those preserves are made of sea cucumbers. And the cream is milk from the giant sperm whale."

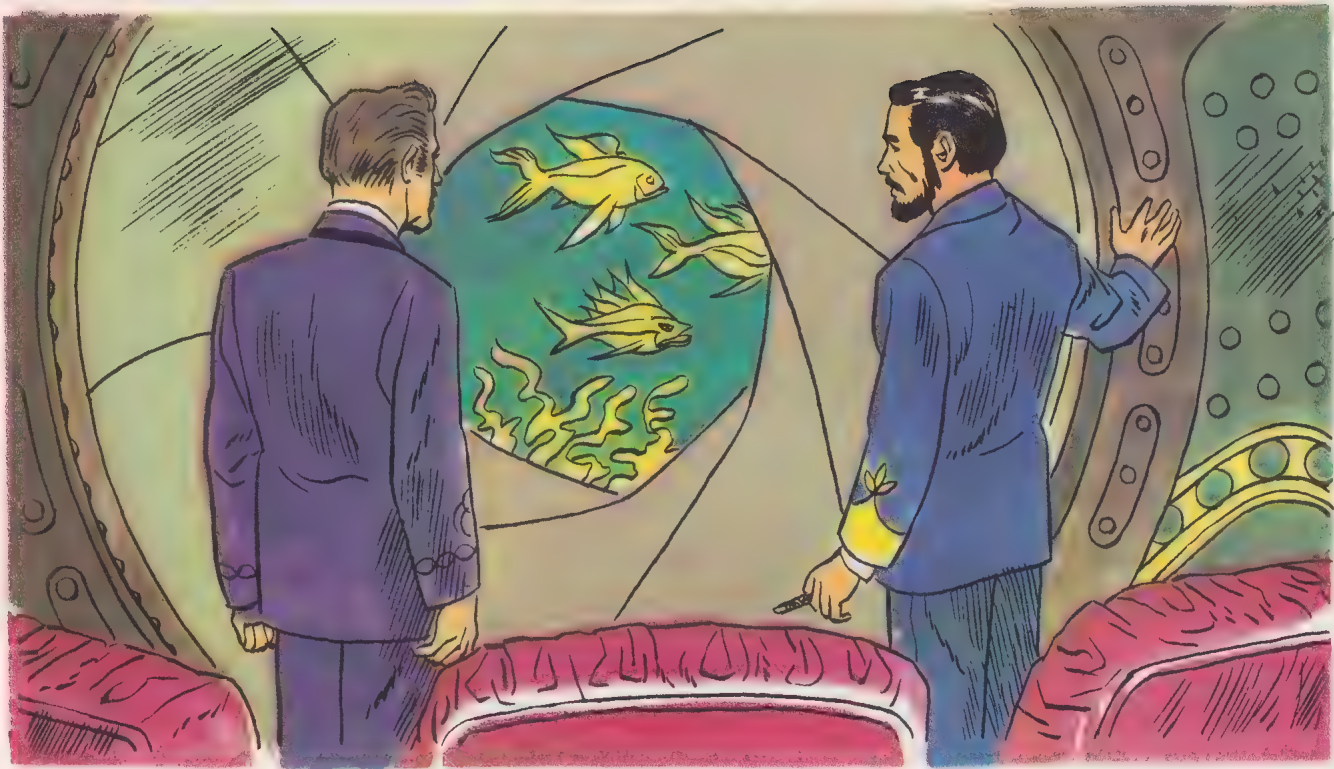
Ned Land frowned at a dish of pudding the steward was placing in front of him. "I guess I don't want any of that," he said.

"But it is very good," said Nemo. "It is octopus."

"Ugh!" cried Ned. He jumped to his feet, backed away from the table—and tripped over Snoopy!

When Ned crashed to the floor, Snoopy clapped his flippers delightedly.





By the time Ned scrambled to his feet, Captain Nemo was walking to one of the metal-shuttered windows. He pressed a wall button and the shutter opened. But not as a shutter usually does. It opened like the shutter in front of a camera lens.

"That window is a great invention," said Professor Aronnax.

Nemo nodded, pleased. "I call it a viewport," he said. He turned to Ned. "We are nearing the island of Crespo, Mr. Land. If you wish, you may join my men on a short hunting trip."

"I do wish," grinned Ned.

Conseil stepped forward. "I would like to go, too," he said.

"Very well," said Nemo. He pressed another wall button and almost immediately two crewmen appeared. Nemo pointed to Ned and Conseil. "Prepare those two men for the trip to Crespo," he ordered.

Snoopy flopped after the four men when they left the salon. The seal seemed

to like Ned Land, because he kept close to the master-harpooner's heels.

Captain Nemo and Professor Aronnax lighted seaweed cigars and sat down on the couch in front of the opened viewport.

"I am curious, Captain," said Aronnax. "Why did you save our lives?"

"I may have use for you."

"Use?" repeated the Professor. "I do not understand."

Nemo puffed on his cigar in silence for a moment. "I am not ready to explain now," he finally said. "I do not know when I shall be ready to do so, either. In the meantime, you should find life on the 'Nautilus' pleasant and interesting."

"The submarine itself interests me most," said Aronnax. "I can scarcely believe I am sailing under the water—"

"—where all is peaceful," said Nemo. "The sea is a beautiful place, Professor."

"True," nodded Aronnax. "But aren't you ever homesick for land?"

"No!" Nemo's eyes flashed. "There is

hunger up on earth. And fear, and fighting and slavery. Here, in the ocean, my men and I are free!"

Again the salon was filled with silence. Nemo broke it by saying, "I dread to think what men of the earth would do with an underwater boat like this one."

"You mean in a war?" asked Aronnax.

Nemo nodded. "I hope they never learn to make such boats," he said. "I hope they keep on thinking the 'Nautilus' is a sea monster."

"They will," declared Aronnax, "as long as you use those blinding lights and terrifying sounds."

Nemo's eyes twinkled briefly. "They are fine protection," he agreed.

At that moment, the "Nautilus" came to rest on the sandy ocean floor. In the viewport, Aronnax saw the wreck of an ancient ship. It lay some distance from the submarine.

Aronnax glanced, puzzled, at Captain Nemo. "Why are we stopping?" he asked.

"We have reached the island of Crespo," replied Nemo.

Surprise swept over the Professor's face. "It is an underwater island?"

"Yes." Nemo waved his hand at the viewport. "There go my men now."

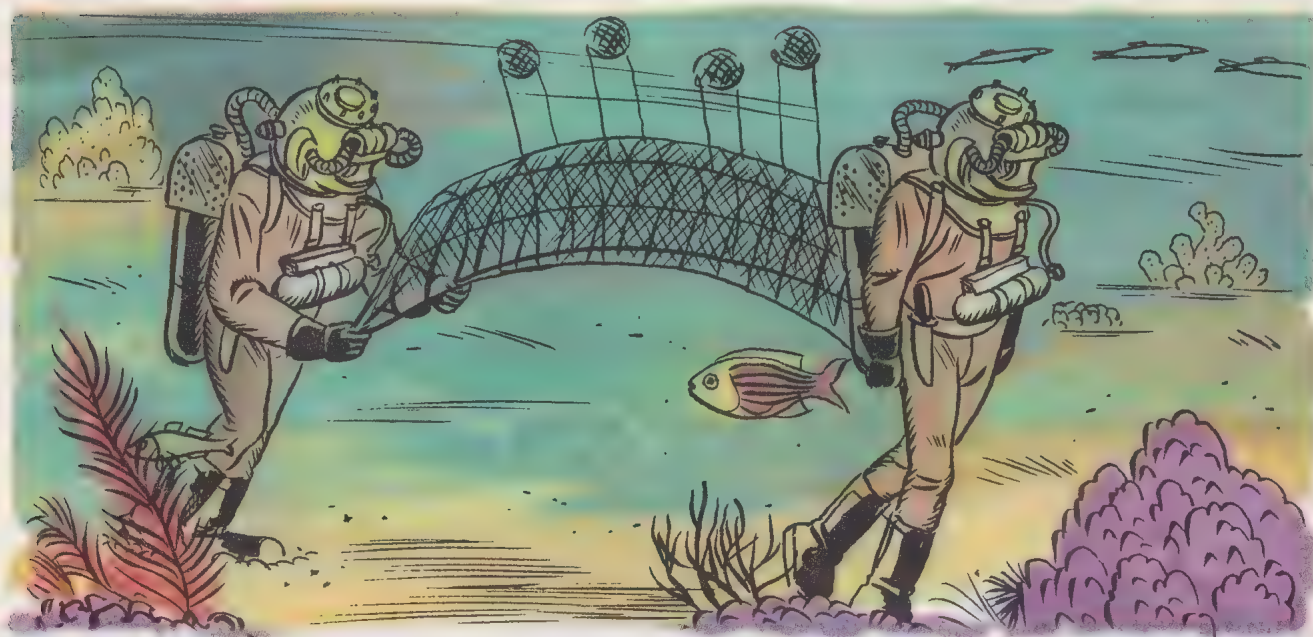
Aronnax peered out at the ocean. A party of helmeted divers were crossing the sandy bottom. Some of them carried axes and hoes and sharply pointed poles. Others were towing floating baskets that looked like fish-net balloons.

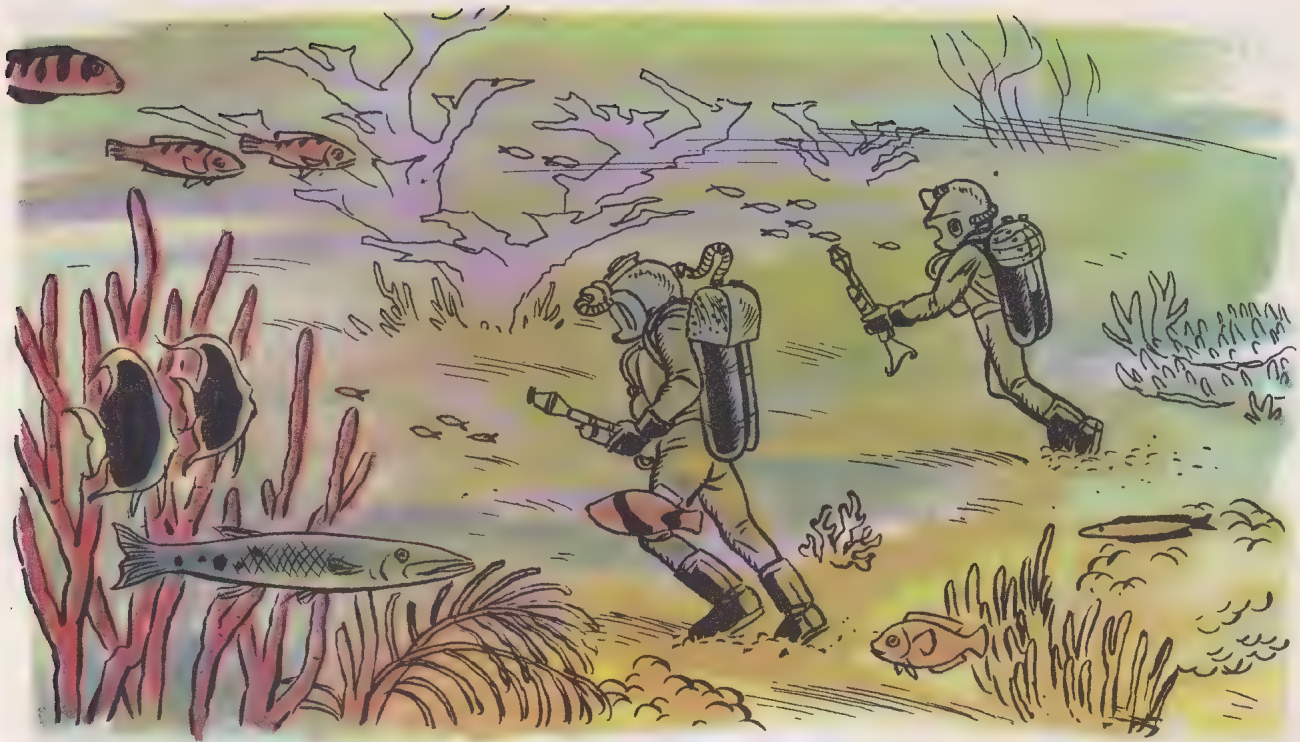
Only two of the divers carried nothing. They seemed to be having trouble just walking in the water. As Aronnax watched, one of these two fell to his knees. His companion helped him back to his feet and, together, they hurried to catch up with the rest of the party.

"The two at the rear are Conseil and Land," said Nemo. "They will soon learn how to walk under water."

"I would like to learn how, too," Aronnax smiled. "I would like to meet the wonders of the sea face-to-face."

"Then come with me," said Captain Nemo, leading the way toward the curtained doorway on the right.





A BATTLE FOR LIFE



IN THE outfitting room, crewmen helped Professor Aronnax and Captain Nemo into diving suits.

"Take this, too," Nemo said to Aronnax as he handed the Professor a strange-looking object. "It is an underwater gun."

The gun felt odd in the Professor's gloved hand. The metal helmet, which was slipped over his head by one of the crewmen, felt even more odd. The helmet was very heavy. Aronnax knew he would not be able to hear through it. But he would be able to see because the front of the helmet was glass.

After putting on his helmet, which had a light on it, Captain Nemo led the way to the diving chamber. This was a round room behind a watertight door. In the ceiling was a large iron ring and in the floor was a round escape tube from which a ladder led downward.

Nemo and Aronnax gripped the ceiling ring tightly while air was forced into the chamber. When the air stopped coming in, water foamed up in the escape tube. Nemo started down the ladder, and Professor Aronnax followed.

The ladder ended at a small, sloping platform under the submarine's keel. Aronnax trailed Nemo down this platform to the ocean's sandy bottom. They both walked on the broad stub toes of their boots; it was much easier than trying to walk flat-footed.

Captain Nemo led the way toward a great forest of coral as beautiful as any forest of trees on land.

Aronnax saw much that interested him. Schools of brilliantly colored fish were everywhere. A barracuda charged into one of these schools, scattering the smaller fish right and left.

A giant grouper fish swam up to the

Professor and peeked through the glass front of his helmet. Then, unconcernedly, it swam away again.

A shadow passed overhead, and Aronnax looked up to see a huge manta ray soaring by.

At the top of a little rise, Captain Nemo halted and waited for Aronnax to join him. When the Professor did so, he saw some of the divers trudging out of a tangle of underwater growth. They carried the fish-net balloons, which were now filled with clusters of seaweed and great quantities of shellfish, such as shrimp and lobster.

Off to the left, other divers were using their sharply pointed poles to dig more shellfish out of the coral. Ned Land and Conseil were with this group.

Suddenly Ned threw down his pole and scrambled up on a nearby coral ledge. He peered beyond it, then motioned wildly for Conseil to join him.

Conseil gulped when he saw what lay beyond the coral ledge. It was the wreck of an ancient Spanish galleon. In the shimmering water and tall, waving, sea grasses, it looked like a ghost ship.

Ned stepped around to face Conseil. Behind the glass front of his helmet, his lips were moving. Conseil knew Ned was suggesting that they take a closer look at the ancient wreck.

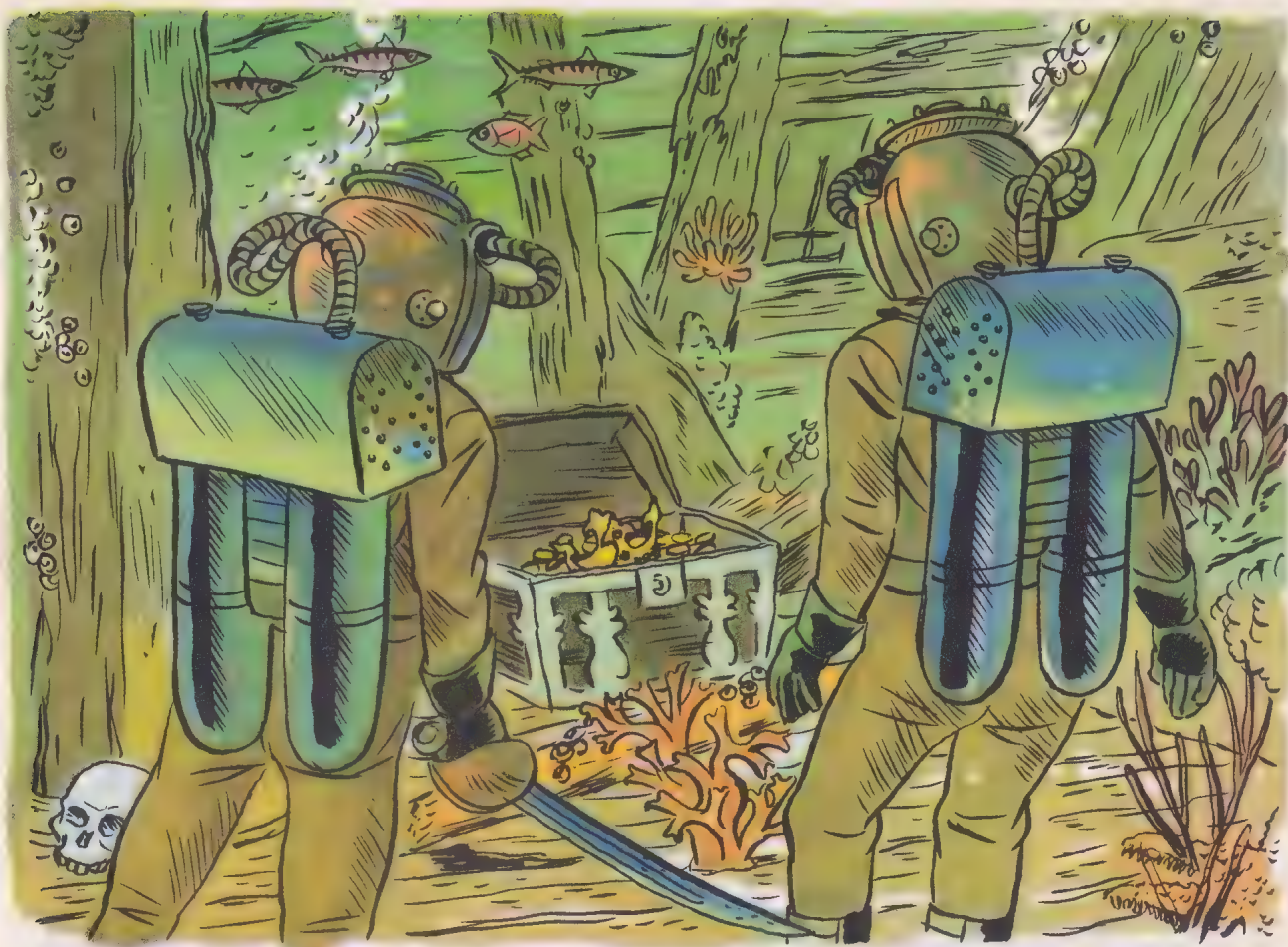
Conseil shook his head. He was afraid to get too far from the others. But Ned grabbed his arm and practically forced him down the other side of the ledge and across the sand.

Captain Nemo saw the two men moving away in the direction of the wreck.

But Aronnax, a few steps behind Nemo, did not see them. He was watching a great hermit crab burrowing deeper into the ocean's sandy floor.

In a very few moments, Ned and Conseil reached the galleon. The ship lay deep





in the sand. Hundreds of fish were swimming through her rotted timbers . . . around the stumps of her broken masts . . . over and under her great rusted anchor.

When Ned climbed over the rail onto the deck, Conseil followed. He was afraid to board the wreck but he was even more afraid to be left alone. The sight of a skeleton sprawled on the deck sent shivers up and down his spine. And when Ned calmly stepped over the skeleton to duck into the main cabin, Conseil was so frightened he could hardly follow the harpooner.

But he did. He followed Ned through the main cabin and down a rickety stairway to what had once been a grand dining salon. Here were more skeletons, piled in dark corners.

"I am a fool," Conseil told himself. "I

should have stayed in the coral forest. There I would have been safe."

At that moment Ned picked up a heavy timber and, with all his might, swung it against a door that led forward—toward the ship's bow. The blow splintered the door. Beyond it Conseil saw a ladder leading down to a lower room.

Slowly Ned backed down this ladder. And much more slowly Conseil followed.

The lower room was a clutter of old weapons, boxes and furniture. Amid this clutter, at the far end of the room, stood a large, brass-bound chest. Near it lay an ancient cutlass. Ned snatched this cutlass up and smashed the lock on the chest. Then he and Conseil lifted the lid.

In amazement, the two men fell back a step. The chest was filled with gold and

silver Spanish coins. On top of the coins lay a beautiful crown set with pearls.

Ned slammed down the lid, lifted the chest in both arms and started back toward the ladder. He had taken only a few steps when the room was suddenly darkened by a huge, moving shadow.

Ned glanced up. A monster tiger shark was swooping toward him.

Conseil saw the shark, too, and fell to his knees behind an upended table.

As the shark lunged, Ned ducked, dropping the chest which cracked and spilled some of the treasure. The shark circled and lunged again. This time, the harpooner threw himself on the floor—and saw the cutlass lying only inches from his fingers. Seizing it, he jumped to his feet and struck out at the ferocious monster rushing him for the third time. The blade of the cutlass tore a long gash in the under-belly of the man-eater.

Maddened by pain, the shark zoomed away into the shadows at the back of the room.

At a signal from Ned, Conseil helped him push a rickety table under the ladder. Ned boosted the chest up onto this table. Then he climbed a few rungs of the ladder, Conseil climbing up behind him. Stooping, Ned tried to lift the chest but he did not get it off the table.

For the shark was back!

He hurled his thirteen hundred pounds of fury at the ladder, jarring Ned and Conseil off onto the table.

Under their weight, the table collapsed. And Ned, Conseil and brass-bound chest crashed through the rotting floor timbers to the ocean bottom. The chest broke wide open, spilling the rest of the treasure.

Although stunned, Conseil and Ned managed to struggle to their feet. They started to stumble away . . . but again the shark found them. Jaws agape, he glided



swiftly toward them. Helpless, Conseil and Ned fell back.

Closer and closer came the sharp-toothed killer.

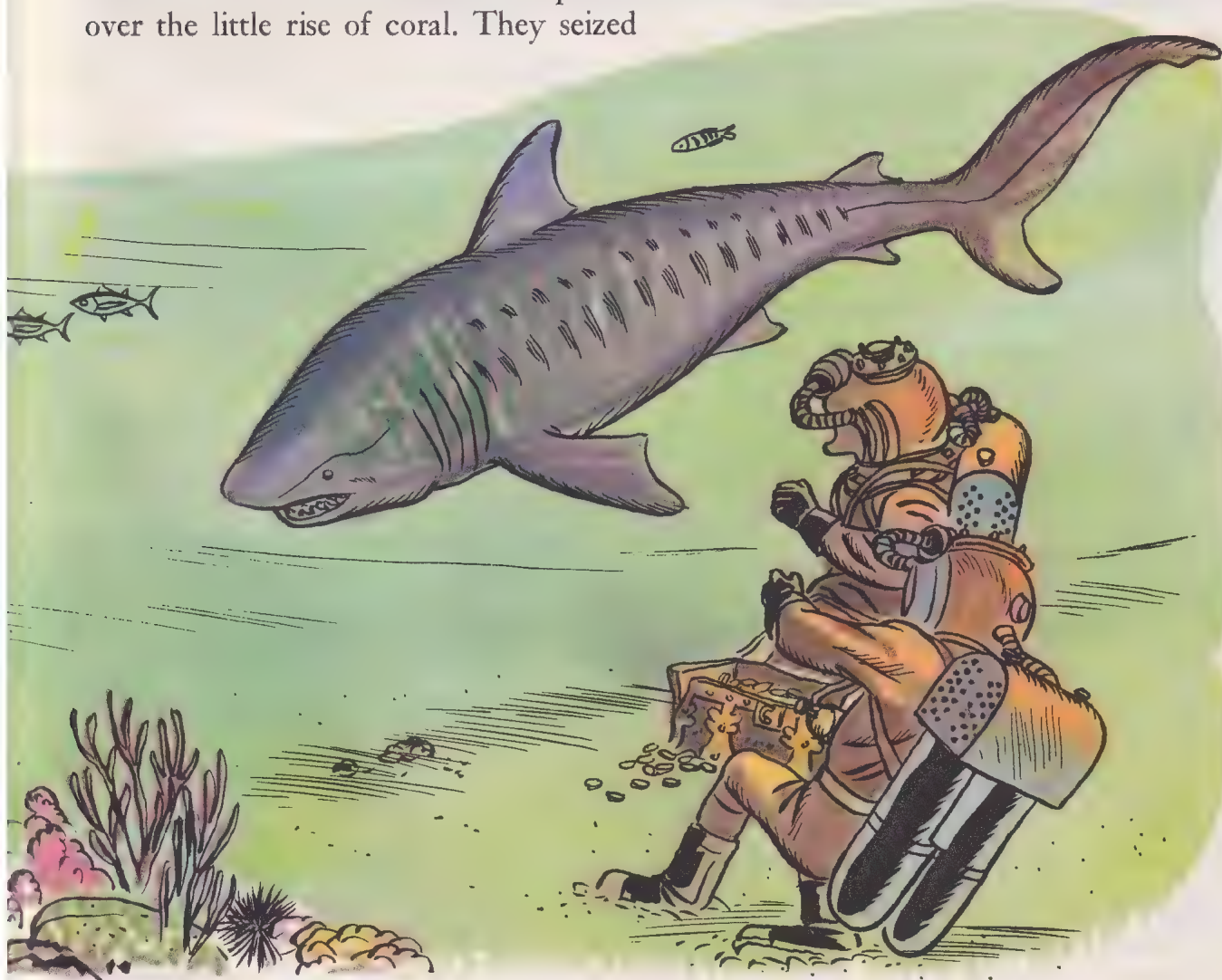
Conseil closed his eyes, mumbled a little prayer and waited for the death blow. When it did not come, he opened his eyes. To his great relief and amazement, he saw the shark had gone limp and was rolling over on the sand.

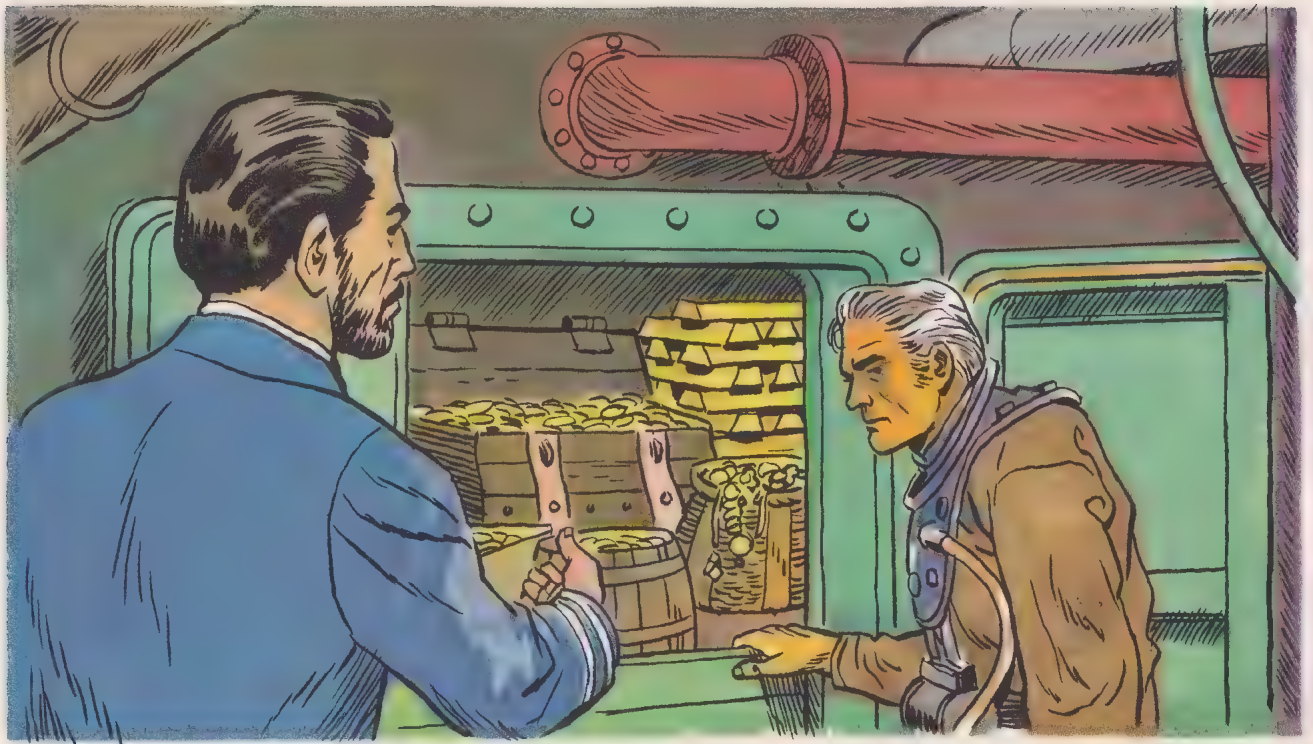
Beyond the dying monster stood Captain Nemo and Professor Aronnax on a little rise of coral. Bubbles were rising from the muzzle of the underwater gun in Nemo's hands. He had shot the tiger shark, and just in time!

Now several divers marched up and over the little rise of coral. They seized

Ned and Conseil and began to lead them away. Ned made wild motions at the spilled gold and silver coins. When the divers paid no attention to him, he tried to break away from them to go back for the treasure. At that, the divers seized him by the back of the neck and the seat of the pants, and frog-walked him back toward the "Nautilus."

Nemo and Aronnax followed. The Captain wore a grim expression that worried the Professor. There was no telling what this burning-eyed man of the sea was apt to do because Conseil and Ned had left their work to go treasure hunting.





LAND, HO!



ED LAND was angry. "Why didn't you let us bring back that treasure?" he barked at Captain Nemo.

"You were sent to get food," scowled Nemo. "You cannot eat gold and silver."

The men were in the submarine's outfitting room.

As soon as Nemo was out of his suit, he strode to a door at the forward end of the room and yanked it open. The compartment beyond was crammed with gold bars, baskets of jewels and chests filled with golden coins.

Nemo pointed to this treasure and said, scornfully, "We use such stuff for ballast aboard the 'Nautilus.'" He slammed the door shut. "After this, Mr. Land, when you are sent for food, *get* food! Or I shall certainly do what the tiger shark failed to do." He clattered up the stairs to the chartroom.

Professor Aronnax eyed Ned sternly. "I want to see you and Conseil in my cabin," he said as he headed for the stairs.

When Ned and Conseil joined the Professor, they found him worriedly pacing the cabin. Aronnax closed the corridor door and frowned at Ned.

"Nemo was not fooling," Aronnax declared. "He will surely kill you if you disobey his orders again."

"What about him?" Ned nodded at Conseil. "He disobeyed, too."

Conseil's face reddened. "But I—uh—didn't know you were going after treasure," he stammered.

"That's a lie!" shouted Ned. He clenched his fist as if he were going to strike Conseil.

Aronnax stepped between them. "We must not quarrel among ourselves," he said. "And we must do nothing to anger Nemo. It is our only chance to survive."

"Humph!" Ned snorted. "I know a better way. Let's take over the 'Nautilus' and that treasure."

Aronnax gasped and turned a little pale. "That would be insane, Ned. You must promise me not to try it."

Ned shook his head. "No, Professor. I won't promise that. But I'll promise not to try it—yet!" He started for the door but turned back to add, "Nemo's crazy—like a mad dog. You can't be nice to a mad dog. You have to muzzle or shoot him."

Before Aronnax could reply, Ned was gone.

Aronnax sank into a chair and stared at Conseil for a long moment. "There is only one thing to do," he finally said. "You will have to move into Ned's cabin and keep a close watch on him."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Conseil.

"Oh, yes," said the Professor firmly.

So, of course, Conseil moved into Ned's cabin. Neither he nor Ned liked being cabin mates. But Ned did not feel like arguing with the Professor, and Conseil did not dare to do so.

During the days that followed, Conseil kept a close watch on Ned. And Ned, who knew what Conseil was up to, chuckled every time he managed to give the smaller man the slip. Ned did this at least every other day. He was determined to learn the layout of the "Nautilus" and how the ship was operated. He also hoped to steal some of the treasure from the compartment in the outfitting room. He did not want Conseil to spy on him while he was doing these things.

Professor Aronnax was busy throughout these weeks. He was keeping a daily journal of this strange underwater voyage. Every night he wrote in this journal. He wrote about the underwater wonders he saw through the viewports, and of how amazingly the "Nautilus" rode out a heavy tropical storm. He wrote of Nemo's skill in steering the submarine safely through huge, jagged formations of coral.

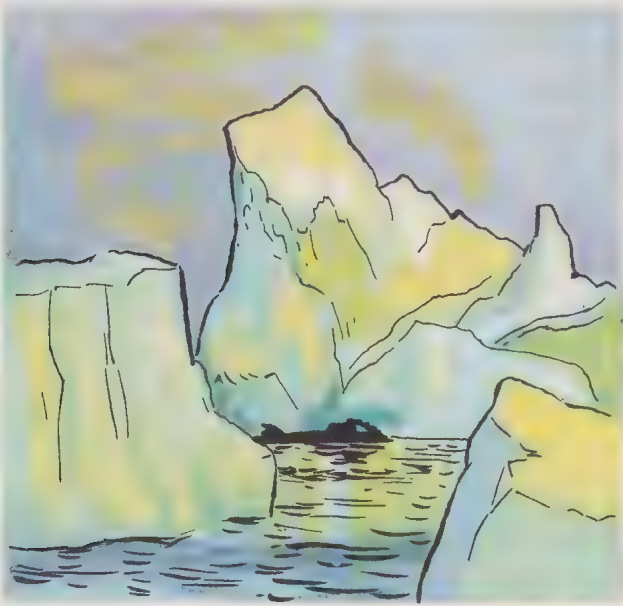
But most of all he wrote about the ship itself, and of the secret power that ran it.

Elevation plan of the *Nautilus*

- | | | | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|--------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| A: Forward Hatch | D: Wheel House | G: Outfitting Room | K: Salon | O: After Hatch |
| B: Aronnax's Cabin | E: Forward Ballast | H: Diving Chamber | L: Power Supply | P: Arsenal |
| C: Nemo's Cabin | F: Chart Room | I: Main Hatch | M: Passageway | Q: Galley |
| | J: Pump Room | | N: After Ballast | R: Chain Locker |



Once Captain Nemo took Aronnax down to the power room, a narrow place centered by a heavy-looking block. This block was topped by flashing lights and moving flaps. From behind heavy shields made of lead, they watched the lights and flaps for several moments. Then, without a word, Nemo led the way back up to the engine room—and on to the salon.



That night, Aronnax wrote in his journal:

“Captain Nemo seems to have discovered the secret power of the universe. This makes him not only master of the seas but of the world and all its peoples.”

League after league, the “Nautilus” cruised . . . through vast submarine grottos . . . over black, yawning pits of the deepest oceans. Now and then, it surfaced to replenish the air supply. Once this occurred in the middle of a sea of towering icebergs. However, under Captain Nemo’s skillful handling, the submarine sailed through them safely.

The next time the “Nautilus” surfaced,

the morning air was warm, the sky was blue and sunny.

Captain Nemo and Professor Aronnax went up on deck. Ned Land saw them go and followed—but at a safe distance.

An island lay off starboard. From it, a long finger of land reached out into the sea.

Nemo pointed to this finger of land. “Will you go ashore with me, Professor?” he asked. Aronnax nodded.

Nemo strode down the deck, the Professor at his heels. From the open main hatch, Ned watched them. He was careful not to let them see him, though.

Near the rear hatch, several crewmen were opening a section of the deck. This action disclosed a small metal boat snuggled against the submarine’s hull. The crewmen slid this boat down a groove into the water, then steadied it until Nemo and Aronnax—and two oarsmen—climbed aboard.

As the little boat moved away from the “Nautilus,” Ned Land smiled to himself. Now he knew how he would escape when the right moment came.





ANOTHER FOR DAVY JONES



HE OARSMEN beached the little metal boat on a small beach below a rocky headland. Professor Aronnax stepped ashore at once. But Captain Nemo delayed to take a telescope from under the stern sheets. Then he and Aronnax climbed up a narrow path to the summit of the headland. The two oarsmen stayed behind with the boat.

Reaching the summit, Aronnax saw there was a large bay on the other side. Into this bay a wharf jutted. A large cargo ship was tied up to this wharf. A number of men, each one carrying a heavy sack, were moving up the vessel's gangplank. At the same time more men, with empty sacks hanging from their hands, were moving down the gangplank. These latter men headed for a train of loaded ore cars that stood on the beach. Guards, wearing white helmets and bearing rifles, were

stationed at the gangplank, at the ore cars, and along the route where the men with the sacks were moving.

Off to the right were some unpainted wooden buildings and, off to the left, what looked like the entrance to a mine.

"That is the prison camp of Rorapan-di," said Nemo. "It is sometimes called 'the white man's grave'."

"I have heard of it," Aronnax said slowly. "I thought it no longer existed."

"It will exist as long as it can make money for the hated nation that owns it," said Nemo. He handed the telescope to the Professor. "Look through this. You will see what a horror it is."

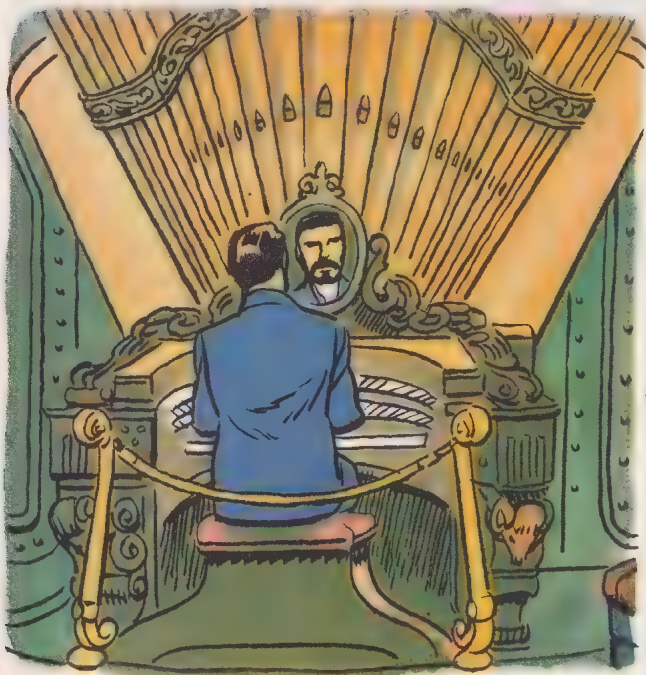
Through the telescope, Aronnax could see that the men with the sacks were chained together. When he saw a guard strike one of them with a whip, he shuddered and returned the telescope to Nemo. "What is in those sacks?" he asked.

"Nitrates and phosphates to make ammunition," Nemo replied. "Those pitiful wretches are loading a cargo of death."

At the strangeness of Nemo's voice, Aronnax turned to look at him. The Captain's face was a mask of hate, terrible to behold.

"Professor," Nemo went on, "Once I was one of those pitiful wretches. When I escaped, I did not leave alone. Those who left with me are still with me—as my crew. We seized one of the cargo ships and fled to a place called Vulcania."

Aronnax frowned. "I have never heard of it."



"It is not on any map," said Nemo. "We built the 'Nautilus' and developed its secret power there. You will see it for yourself one of these days. When our work is done, we are going back."

Turning abruptly, Nemo started back down the path. He did not speak again during the return trip to the "Nautilus."

The Mate met them as they reached the deck. He saluted Captain Nemo and

pointed toward the island where a black column of smoke was rising into the sky beyond the headland. "They are getting up steam," he said.

Nemo looked at the Professor. "That nitrate ship will sail with the tide, but the evil it carries will never reach its destination," he said.

"You—you are going to sink it?" gasped Aronnax.

Anger flamed in Nemo's cheeks. His eyes flashed. "That is my business!" he barked. "Go below to your cabin and stay there!"

As ordered by Nemo, Professor Aronnax stayed in his cabin the rest of the day.

At sunset the "Nautilus" surfaced, but lay motionless in the water. When this happened, the Professor began to pace the cabin floor. He knew what was coming and was filled with despair. If only he could warn the men on the nitrate ship!

Suddenly, from the salon, came organ music. It was so loud and angry-sounding that it made the Professor's blood run cold. No one but Nemo could be playing the organ. And Aronnax realized that, through the music, Nemo was giving voice to his terrible, bitter hate.

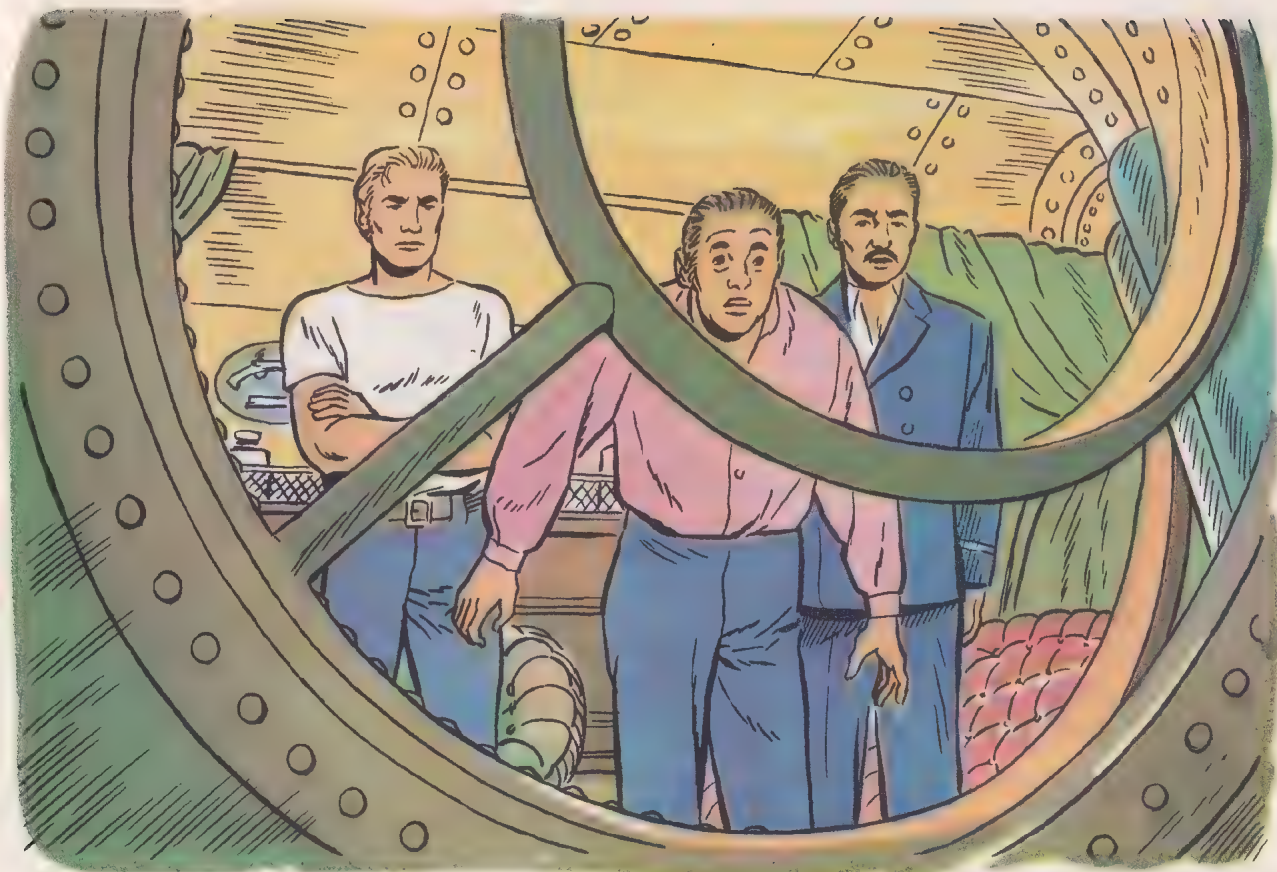
In Ned's cabin, the harpooner and Conseil also heard the crashing music. Conseil shuddered and even Ned looked grim.

"Another one for Davy Jones' locker," said Ned.

The music ended abruptly on a thunderous chord.

"Now the horror will begin," thought the Professor.

He was right. A moment later, bells clanged deep within the "Nautilus." The submarine began to move—slowly at first.



Then faster and faster it sped toward the nitrate ship, dark and ugly against the sunset-reddened sky.

A low whine echoed through the air. The blinding lights streamed across the water. And the whine swelled to a tremendous roar.

The nitrate ship began to turn as those on board awoke to their danger. But the ship was too big to move rapidly.

Nearer and nearer zoomed the "Nautilus," the sea curling past her hull like a giant, watery serpent.

Then she dove, striking the nitrate ship at bilge-level. The vessel tilted way over, rolled back and exploded with a deafening blast. Pieces of deck, hull, paddle wheels and masts filled the air. A great ball of fire rose into the sky. A second explosion set the shattered hulk afire from stem to stern.

Aronnax, Conseil and Ned rushed from their cabins in wild alarm, and hurried to the salon.

The viewports were closed. As Ned snapped the switch to open them, the "Nautilus" submerged.

At the same moment, the nitrate ship pointed her stern straight up in the air and plunged under the water.

Through the viewport, Aronnax and his two companions watched the wreck float downward. Like a leaf tumbling from a tree, it rolled over and over while the "Nautilus" cruised closer as if to gloat over the death of its enemy.

When the battered ship was halfway to the ocean floor, another explosion came. The wreck flew apart. The blue of the water turned to flaming red. The "Nautilus" whirled upward—out of control.

Aronnax, Conseil and Ned were

thrown to the floor of the salon. Furniture and lamps crashed about them.

Very slowly, the submarine leveled. The three men staggered to their feet. They were too dazed to speak—even when Captain Nemo entered.

Nemo eyed them and the disordered room. Then he snapped the switch to close the viewports and said, wearily, "Go to your quarters."

Ned and Conseil quickly left the salon but Aronnax was still too dazed to move. He leaned against an overturned table and stared at Nemo.

The Mate came briskly into the room. "The rudder and starboard diving planes are damaged, sir," he said.

"We will make temporary repairs here," said Nemo. As the Mate left, Nemo turned to Aronnax. "Did I not ask you to leave me?" His voice sounded as if he were very tired.

"Yes," said Aronnax. Taking a deep breath, he continued: "And you took me ashore today to show me a horror. I just

saw a worse one, you—you murderer!"

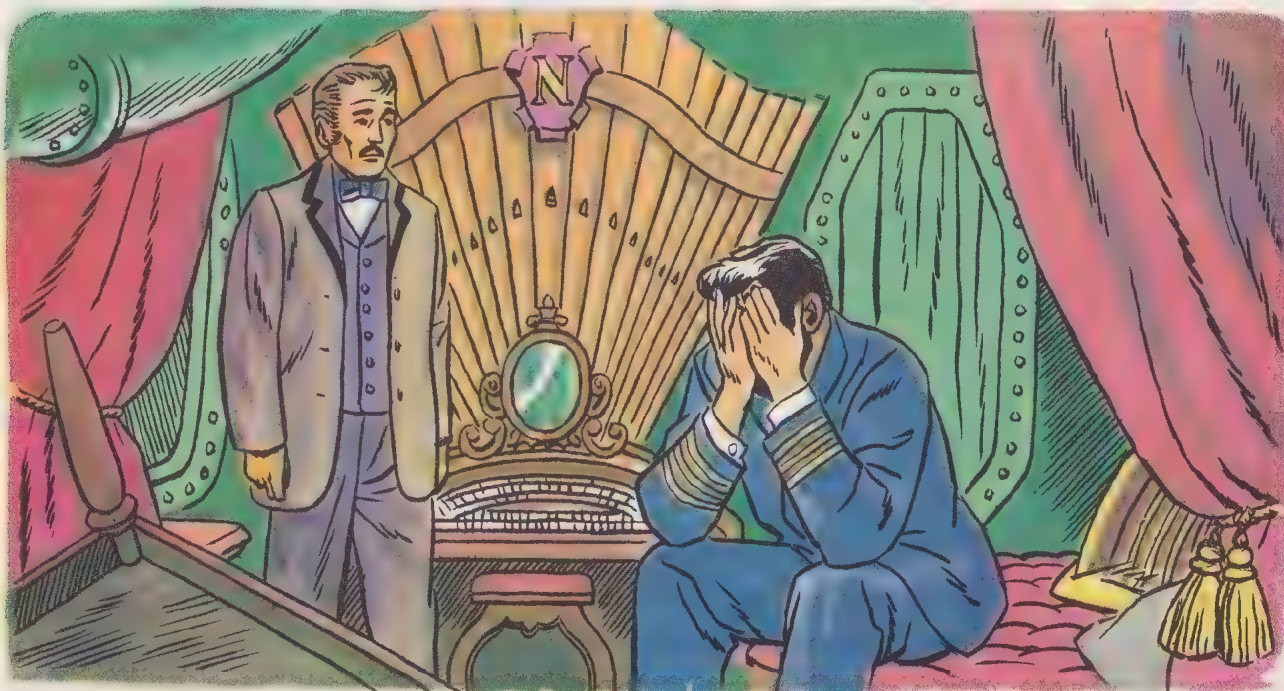
"That was not murder you saw!" shouted Nemo angrily. "That was justice! Those men were dealers in death!" He clenched his fists and took a step toward Aronnax.

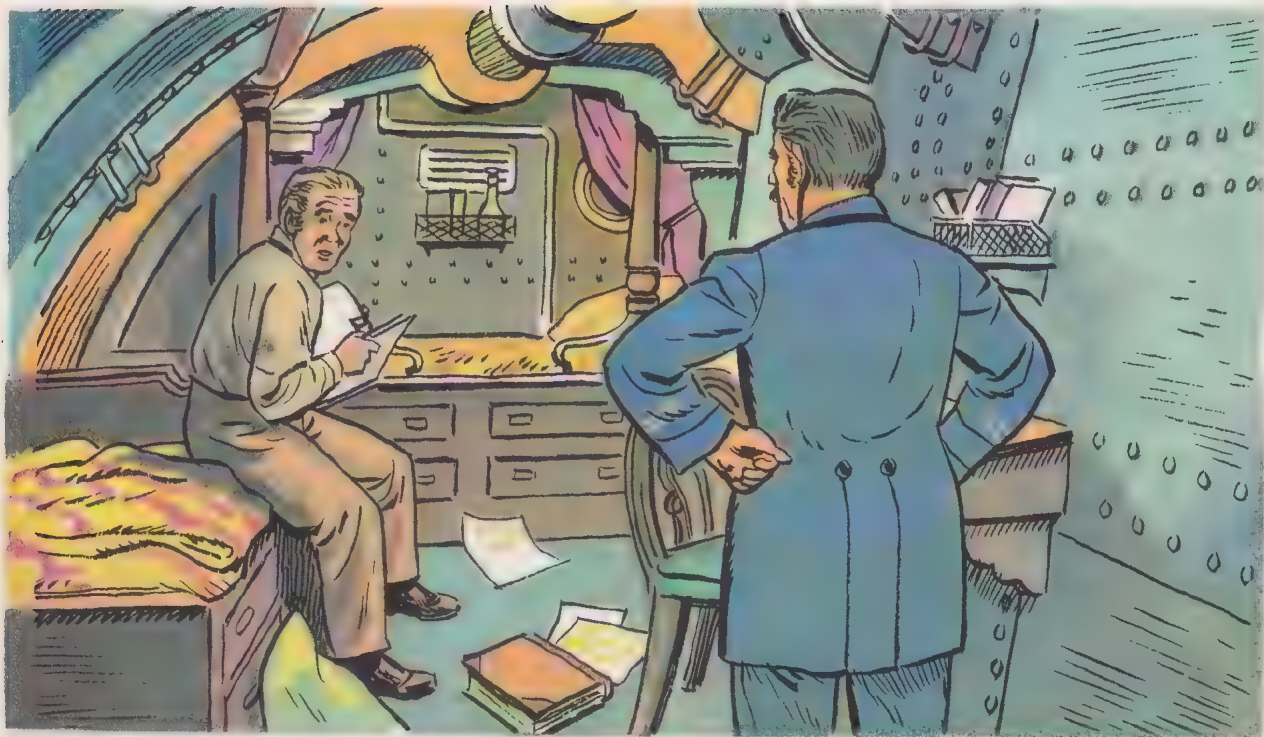
The Professor did not flinch. He, too, was angry. And his anger made him unafraid.

"The men of that hated nation took everything from me!" Nemo stormed. "They put me in prison! They killed my wife and young son!"

To Aronnax's amazement, Nemo suddenly sank onto one of the couches and covered his face with his hands. After a few seconds, he looked up at the Professor. "You do not understand the power of hate," he said in a quieter tone. "It can fill the heart as fully as love can." Again he buried his face in his hands.

For a long moment, Aronnax stared at the Captain. Then he said softly, "I am sorry for you." Turning on his heel, he walked out of the salon.





DESTINATION VULCANIA

WHEN NEMO ordered Ned Land and Conseil to their quarters, the latter went straight to the Professor's cabin. He found it most untidy, just as he had thought it would be. A chair was overturned. The bunk pillow was on the floor, which was additionally littered with papers and books.

"That explosion certainly upset things," Conseil murmured.

He began to tidy up but stopped when he came across Aronnax's journal. He knew he should not read it, but he was very curious.

Suddenly the Professor entered. He frowned when he saw his journal open in Conseil's hands. Snatching the book angrily from his assistant, he threw it on the desk.

"I—uh—was straightening up," stammered Conseil.

Aronnax did not answer. He sat down at the desk and stared into space.

"What a terrible man Nemo is," said Conseil after a moment. "He actually seems to enjoy killing."

Aronnax swung around in his chair. "It is not your place to judge him!" he snapped. "He will not harm you if you do as you are told. However, if you wander away with Ned Land again—"

"There is no danger of that," Conseil interrupted.

"Good," said Aronnax. "And stop worrying about Nemo. The world can use him and his genius. I must make him realize that—and I will!" He slapped the desk emphatically. "Do you understand, Conseil?" When Conseil nodded, Aronnax turned away, saying wearily, "Now please leave me alone."

Conseil shrugged, and hurried to the cabin he shared with Ned Land.

Ned was lying face-down on his bunk. "Uh—Ned," said Conseil hesitantly. "I have been reading the professor's journal."

Ned rolled over and growled, "So what is that to me?"

"I know where we are going," said Conseil.

At that, Ned sat bolt upright. "Where?" he rasped.

"To a place called Vulcania," said Conseil. "It is Nemo's home base. Nemo told the Professor about it. He has told the Professor many things. They are all in the journal. What is worse, the Professor seems to believe them. He has grown blind to our danger and—"

"Stop babbling!" interrupted Ned, getting to his feet. "Tell me more about this Vulcania place."

"I do not know any more," said Conseil.

Ned started for the door. "Come on," he said. "Let's try for a look at Nemo's charts."

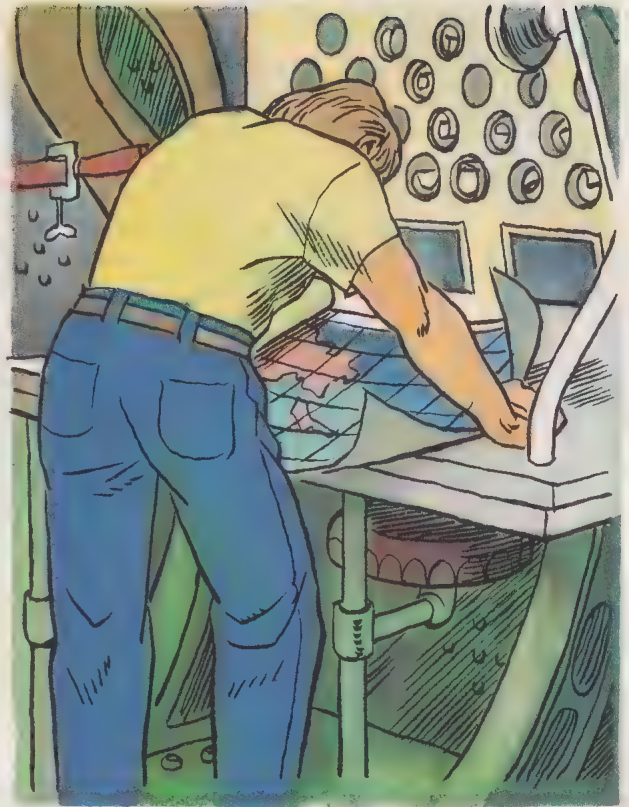
Conseil did not wish to go, but he did not wish to anger Ned, either. So he went.

While Ned and Conseil were stealing toward the chartroom, Nemo and all the crew—except the Mate—were putting on their diving suits. They were preparing to leave the "Nautilus" to repair the damaged rudder.

"You stay aboard and keep watch," Nemo told the Mate.

From the corridor outside the chartroom, Conseil and Ned heard Captain Nemo's words and crouched back in the shadows.

When the Mate left the room, Ned hurried in. He went to a rack, pulled out



several charts and spread them open on the table. "Keep your eyes peeled for the Mate," he told Conseil.

Conseil took up his watch at the entrance to the corridor leading aft to the salon. He was there only a minute or so when he saw the Mate part the curtains at the salon doorway and start down the corridor toward the chartroom.

Conseil whirled toward Ned. "He's coming!" he gasped.

Ned slammed the charts back into the rack, looked around wildly and saw a half-open door nearby. Shoving Conseil toward this door, he rasped, "Get in there! Hurry!"

They ducked through the door, closing it behind them, and found themselves in Nemo's private cabin. It was as magnificently furnished as the salon. On the bulkhead was a large chart. Ned rushed to this.

Conseil joined him. "Have you found something interesting?" he asked.

"Maybe," said Ned. "See this big 'V'?" He pointed to a large letter on the chart. It was circled in black and was halfway between the Equator and the Antarctic Circle. "I've got an idea it marks Vulcania." He scribbled on a piece of paper. "Find me the calipers."

Conseil knew what calipers were; they were like a compass, and used for measuring. He found a pair on the center table. As he reached for them, Snoopy the seal reared up from a settee at the far end of the cabin. When he saw Ned, Snoopy barked and clapped his flippers together.

"Pipe down, you noisy beggar!" cried Ned. Picking up a round float—the kind used to hold fish nets afloat—he threw it at the seal.

Snoopy caught the float on his nose, balancing it as if it were a ball.

"Oh, dear!" wailed Conseil. "He wants to play!"

Snoopy slithered off the settee and, barking happily, came flopping toward Ned. The harpooner picked up a chair.

"Wait!" cried Conseil. "Talk to him!"

Ned scowled. "Talking won't do any good. If we only had some fish!" He snatched up a humidor filled with seaweed cigars and thrust it at Conseil. "Feed him some of these!"

To Conseil's surprise, Snoopy eagerly gobbled the first cigar and barked for more. So Conseil gave him more—one at a time—while Ned figured and scribbled.

"Hurry up, Ned," Conseil urged as Snoopy finished his tenth cigar. "I'm running out of cigars."



Ned nodded and went on scribbling. At that moment voices were heard in the chartroom.

"The rudder is repaired, sir?" That was the Mate's voice.

"For now," came Nemo's voice in reply. "We will complete our repairs at the base."

Dumping the rest of the cigars on the floor, Conseil headed for the side door. Ned was right behind him. They gained the corridor just as Nemo entered from the chartroom. He was looking back at the Mate so he did not see them.



"Whew! That was close!" exclaimed Ned when he and Conseil were back in their own cabin.

Conseil sat down on his bunk and mopped his face with his handkerchief. "Too close for me," he panted. "I'm through with prowling—"

"Wrong, matey," Ned interrupted. "You're going prowling again — right now."

"I am not," Conseil declared.

Grabbing Conseil's shoulders, Ned stood him on his feet. "I say you are! You're going to the salon and getting me

some specimens from Nemo's big glass case."

"Wh-what kind of specimens?" gulped Conseil.

"The kind in bottles!" Ned pushed Conseil from the cabin and slammed the door. Then he went to the desk and again began to scribble.

When Conseil returned, six pieces of paper were lined-up on the desk in front of Ned. Each had a message scribbled on it. Each message read:

"Aronnax and party captives aboard monster submarine boat based Lon. 36 degrees 19 min. South, Lat. 164 degrees 27 minutes West."

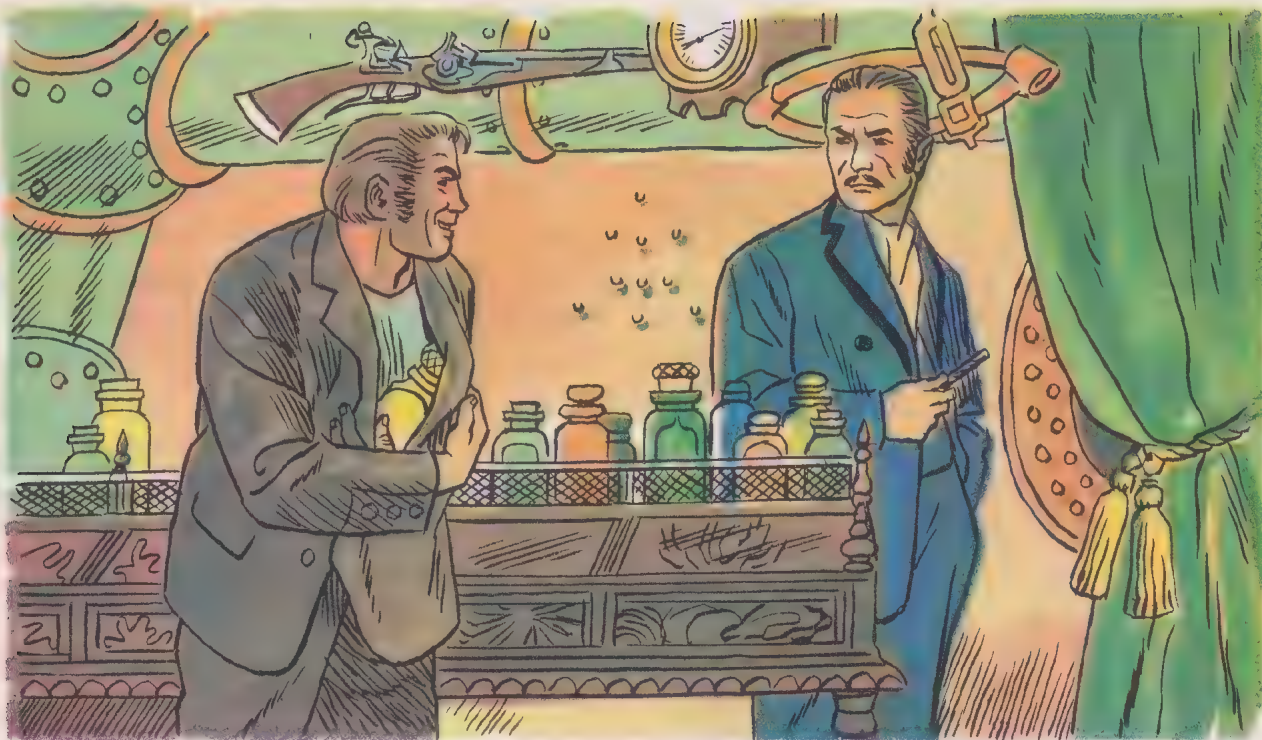
From inside his shirt, Conseil took six specimen bottles and set them on the desk. "These hold everything from sea slugs to oysters," he said.

"Good!" grinned Ned. "Dump them down the sink. All I want are the bottles."

"What!" Conseil gasped. He glanced at the messages. "You—you are not planning to put messages in bottles and release them into the sea?"

Ned nodded. "It'll be dangerous," he said, "but it may work. And if it does, Captain Nemo won't be giving any *more* orders—ever!"





A CANNIBAL ISLAND

DURING the next few days, Ned managed to release all six of the bottles containing the messages. He did this so easily he decided to send out some more. As Conseil was not around, he went to the salon to get the bottles himself.

The salon appeared to be empty. But as Ned opened the big glass case, Snoopy the seal flopped out from behind a couch. As usual, Snoopy barked happily at sight of Ned.

"Blow me down!" Ned exploded. "Have you taken to spying on me, too?"

Snoopy barked again. He did not bark a third time because Ned found some seaweed cigars and tossed him a couple. While Snoopy was munching these, Ned thrust several specimen bottles under his jacket. He was reaching for another when Professor Aronnax unexpectedly entered.

"What are you planning to do with that?" Aronnax asked, pointing to the bottle in Ned's hand.

"Nothing," replied Ned, replacing the bottle in the case. "I was only looking at the specimens." He backed toward the chartroom door. Suddenly he felt the hidden bottles slipping and grabbed his stomach.

"Are you ill?" asked Aronnax.

Ned nodded. "The food doesn't agree with me." He staggered out, and down the little passage to the chartroom, as if he were in great pain.

Conseil was entering the chartroom from the corridor. "Ned!" he exclaimed. "Is something wrong?"

"I hope not," said Ned. "The Professor just caught me with a bottle in my hand. But I don't think he suspects anything." He disappeared into the corridor.

Conseil frowned worriedly. "Ned will get us into trouble yet," he thought. "If the Professor finds out about those messages—"

The loud ringing of an alarm bell cut off his thinking. A light flashed on the bulkhead. Nemo's cabin door flew open and the Captain came through it on a half-run. He paid no attention to Conseil but hurried up the staircase to the wheelhouse.

A moment later, the "Nautilus" went into reverse. There was a loud crunching noise, and the submarine jolted to a stop. The chartroom floor tipped, almost throwing Conseil off balance.

Aronnax rushed into the room. As he did, Nemo and the Mate clattered down from the wheelhouse. The Mate kept on going . . . across the room and up the steps to the main hatch. Nemo paused to eye Ned, who had just returned.

"Wh-what happened, Captain?" gasped Conseil.

"Our faulty rudder has caused us to run aground on a reef," Nemo replied. "We will have to wait for the evening tide to float us free." He turned to Aronnax. "We are just off the south coast of New Guinea Island, Professor. Would you like to go ashore for some specimens?"

"No!" snapped Aronnax. "I still remember what happened after I went ashore at Rorapandi." He stalked from the room.

A scowl crossed Nemo's face. Then he hurried up to the main hatch, which the Mate had opened. Ned and Conseil followed him up to the deck.

The "Nautilus" was aground not too far from a bright beach, backed up by jungle growth.

"Look, matey!" cried Ned. "Dry land! I'd give anything to touch one of those palm trees."

Conseil sighed. "So would I, and so would the Professor. But he will not accept any more favors from Nemo—not now, anyway." He sighed again. "It is too bad. I know he would have liked to collect some specimens."

A sly look came into Ned's eyes. "Maybe Nemo would let you go in his place," he suggested. "And maybe he'd let me row the boat."

Conseil pursed his lips thoughtfully. "It will do no harm to ask," he said.

Captain Nemo gave them permission to go in the little metal boat. "But stay on the beach," he warned. "The natives on that island are cannibals."

Conseil shivered but, with a grin, Ned said, "After that tiger shark, I'm not afraid of anything."

After five minutes of hard rowing on



Ned's part, the little boat grated to a stop on the beach. Ned and Conseil leaped out.

"Ah!" said Conseil, stopping to pat the hot white sand. "I had begun to think I would never touch land again."

"Me, too," laughed Ned. He dragged the boat a few feet out of the water so it could not drift away. "Let's have a look around."

"In a minute," said Conseil. He squatted to dig some odd-looking shells from the sand. When he stood up again, Ned was at the edge of the jungle.

"Ned!" Conseil cried in alarm. "Come back!"

"You come here," yelled Ned. "I've found something."

Conseil ran across the sand. "I do not see anything," he said when he reached Ned.

"There!" pointed Ned.

Conseil frowned. "It is only a path."

"But it could lead to freedom," said Ned. "Come on. Let's see."

Conseil shook his head. "I cannot leave the Professor. But that need not stop you. Only—" he shuddered —"watch out for the cannibals."

"Hang the cannibals!" laughed Ned.

Conseil glanced toward the off-shore submarine. "You had better go quickly," he said. "Nemo may be watching us through a telescope." He held out his hand. "Good luck!"

Ned shook Conseil's hand vigorously, turned on his heel and strode off down the path.

The jungle was dense with undergrowth and trailing vines. However, the path was clearly marked. Ned had little trouble keeping to it.

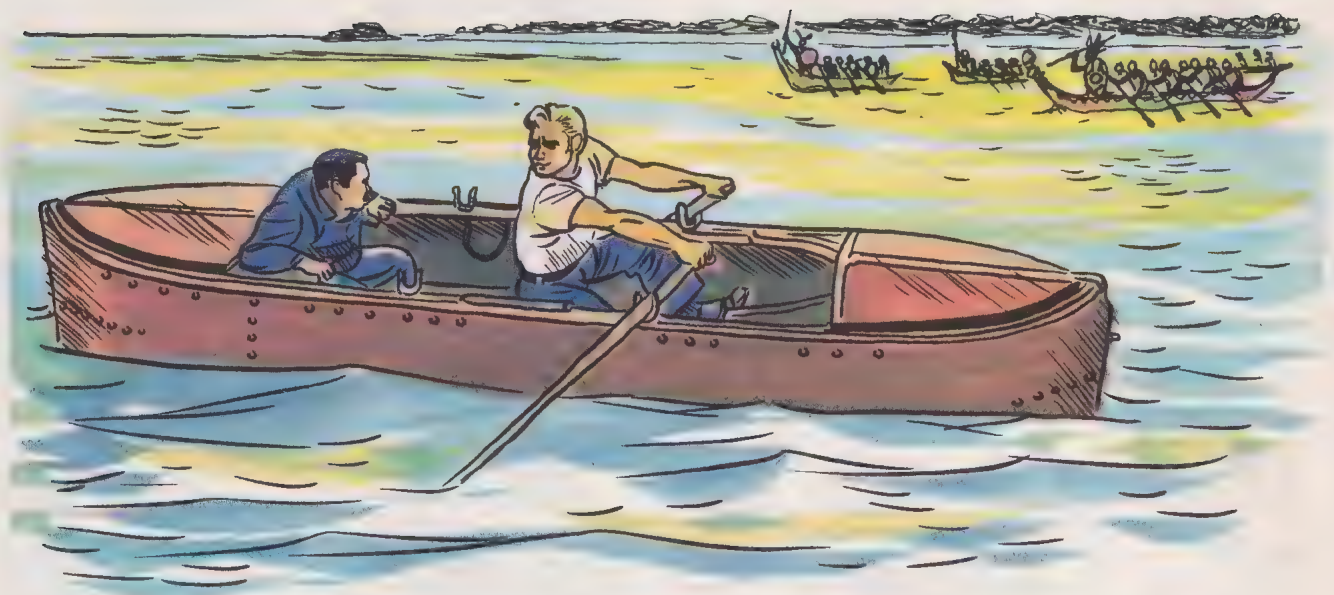


Suddenly he rounded a huge tree and found himself in a clearing centered by a crystal-clear pool.

Running forward, Ned threw himself flat on the ground at the pool's edge. He dipped his cupped hands into the water. Then he froze in horror. Next to his own image, mirrored in the pool, was the reflection of a human skull!

Ned pushed himself up on his elbows to look back over his shoulder. Above and just behind him were many more skulls, each one grinning from the top of a bamboo pole.

In an instant, Ned was on his feet and running back through the jungle. Above the chattering of startled monkeys and the shrill cries of tropical birds came a new sound. It filled Ned with terror. For it was the thundering sound of savage drums!



THE MONSTER IN TROUBLE

CONSEIL heard the thundering drums, too, and raced for the boat. As he started to row for the "Nautilus," he saw Ned burst out of the jungle.

"Wait for me!" screamed Ned above the drums, which were louder now.

Ned came down the beach at top speed. Behind him arrows showered from the jungle, and a mob of painted, yelling savages raced out onto the beach.

Ducking the flying arrows, Ned plunged into the surf while Conseil awkwardly turned the boat around.

The savages paused to fire another volley of arrows. Some of these whistled about Conseil's head; others fell into the boat. But Conseil did not flinch. He kept rowing toward Ned and, in another moment or so, drew alongside the harpooner. Ned wasted no time climbing aboard and grabbing the oars.

The savages wasted no time either.

They launched a fleet of outrigger canoes and came in pursuit.

Volley after volley of arrows whistled through the air. Luckily, none of them hit Ned or Conseil. Neither did the spears which some of the cannibals flung.

Sweat poured down Ned's face as he strained at the oars.

Finally the little boat bumped against the submarine.

Ned and Conseil leaped onto the deck. Hurriedly, Ned tied up the boat and raced after Conseil, who was disappearing into the hatch.

A shower of arrows followed them as they crashed down the stairs into the chartroom.

Nemo was standing in his cabin doorway. He wore a strange half-smile.

"Cannibals!" yelled Conseil.

"They're attacking us!" shouted Ned.

Nemo came on into the chartroom. "What else did you expect?" he said.

Arrows poured down the hatch. Wild shouts rang out on the deck above.

"They're coming aboard!" Ned yelled. Snatching up an iron bar, he leaped to the foot of the stairs. "Do something! Close the hatch!"

Nemo's face darkened with anger. "I give the orders here, Mr. Land!" he barked. "Stand aside!" He stepped to the control panel and stood there, waiting.

More arrows rained down the stairs and into the steel bulkheads. Spine-chilling howls echoed through the air. Dark figures swarmed down the stairs.



Then Nemo moved, slamming a switch. Sparks crackled across the control panel. More sparks zipped, lightning-like, up the steps.

Shrieking wildly, the savages on the stairs turned and dashed for the deck. Here other savages were leaping about, screaming as the electricity Nemo had released crackled along the deck and hand rails. Sparks flickered from the mast and the control tower, whirling about the cannibals' bare feet and legs like St. Elmo's fire.

The terror-stricken natives swarmed overboard, swam swiftly to their canoes

and, tumbling aboard, took off for shore in panic.

"Well, that's one way to get rid of unwelcome guests," said Ned.

"I wish I could get rid of you as easily," snapped Nemo. "Take him in charge, Mate."

The Mate and two crewmen pinioned Ned's arms behind his back.

"What's this all about?" growled Ned.

"You disobeyed my orders," said Nemo. "You left the beach, intending to escape. The natives forced you to come back." His eyes grew cold. "You will regret that, Mr. Land." He gestured at the crewmen holding Ned. "Take him below and put him under guard."

The crewmen were hustling Ned down the stairs when the helmsman cried, "Captain! Smoke beyond the headland!"

The smoke proved to be coming from the stacks of a warship, which rounded the headland as Nemo peered through the telescope.

"Get below!" Nemo said to Conseil. "They will be shelling us shortly."



Conseil scuttled down the stairs. Nemo's voice followed him.

"We must break off this reef," Nemo said. "Blow all tanks! Full speed astern!"

The engines roared into action, shaking the "Nautilus" from stem to stern.

Below, Ned went sprawling into his cabin, and the crewmen slammed the door behind him. One of the crewmen hurried forward, the other remained on guard.

Professor Aronnax rushed out into the corridor. Conseil was racing toward him.

"It's a warship!" cried Conseil.

In alarm, Aronnax hurried to the salon, Conseil at his heels. The viewports were open. Through the one on the port side, they could see the warship steaming toward them. Suddenly she turned to bring her guns broadside.

Up in the wheelhouse, Nemo gripped the helm tightly. The engines thundered, straining to back the "Nautilus" off the reef.

Above the roar of the machinery rose the screams of shells. The warship's guns had gone into action!

Nemo pressed his body hard against the wheel and ordered more power fed to the engines. It was done. And as the huge propeller pounded the water, the submarine lifted, inch by inch. Then, with a great scraping noise, she shot free of the reef.

Swiftly her engines were reversed and she headed for the open sea. The warship steamed in pursuit, firing her guns as fast as the gun crews could load them.

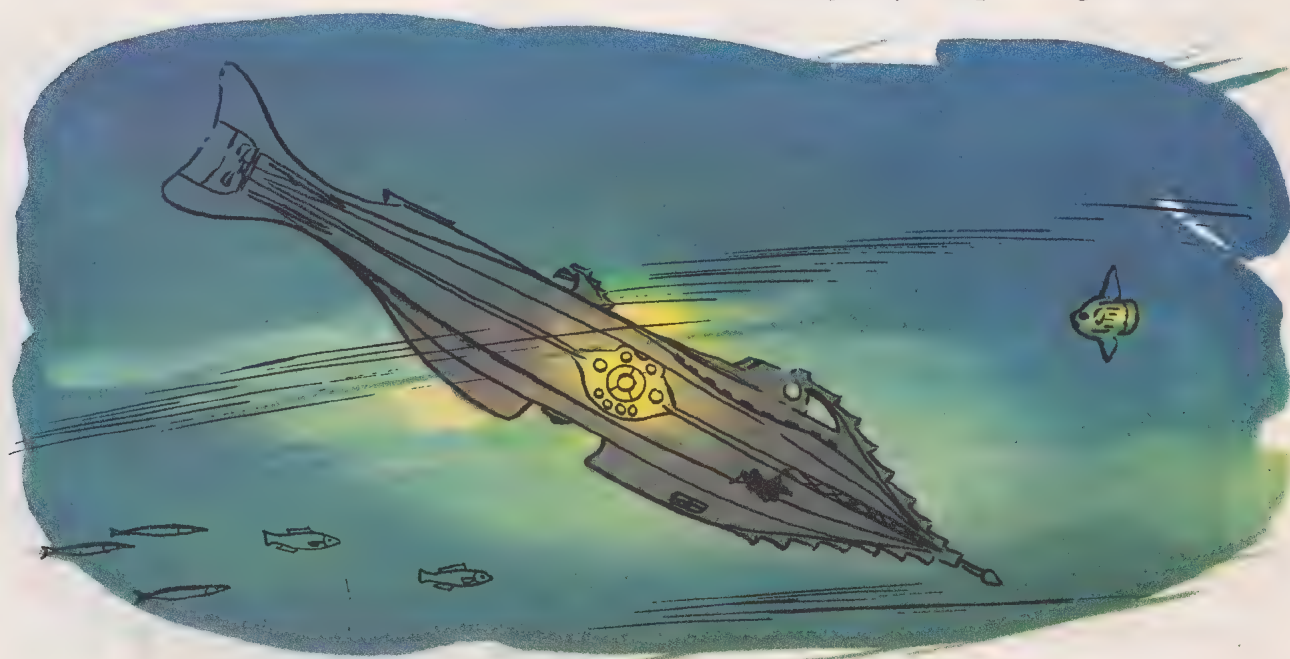
Crash! A shell tore a jagged hole in the "Nautilus" below the water line. The submarine tilted crazily. Bits of its hull whirled up into the air.

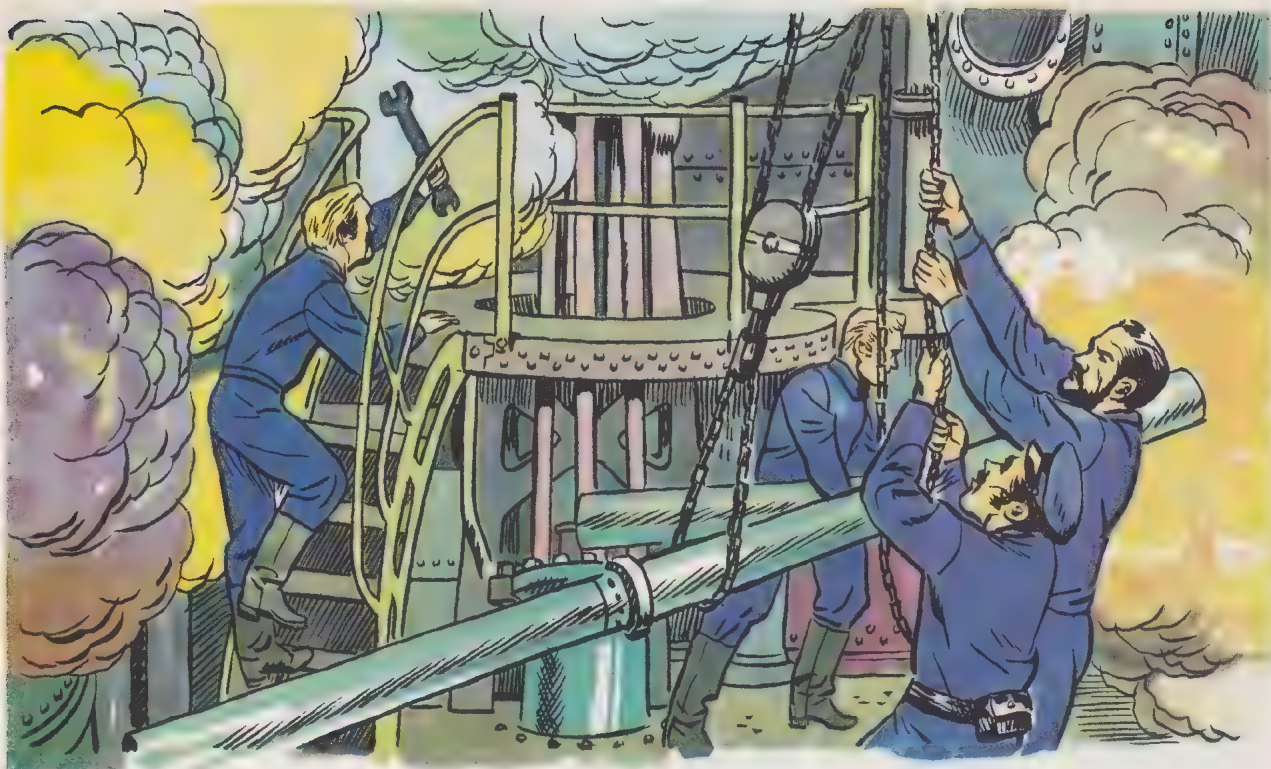
"Man the watertight doors!" shouted Nemo, struggling to control the helm.

Professor Aronnax and Conseil were trapped in the salon when the watertight doors at each end were closed.

"We are sinking!" cried Aronnax.

At that moment a dull boom echoed through the ship. The salon floor rocked like a seesaw. The viewport shutters closed. The lights dimmed. Then they blinked off, leaving only the light of the blue emergency lamps along the floor.





A NEW DANGER



LIKE a gigantic stone, the "Nautilus" sank slowly down into the inky blackness.

Ned Land yanked open his cabin door. The crewman on guard pushed him back.

"This bucket's going down!" shouted Ned. "You can't leave me in here!"

For reply, the crewman slammed the door and locked it by fastening an iron bar across it.

In the salon, Aronnax and Conseil stared at one another in horror.

"Unless Nemo can bring this ship under control, we are doomed," said Conseil.

Aronnax nodded. "He will fight hard to save it," he said.

Nemo was fighting with all the skill he possessed. However, at the moment, it looked as if he would lose the battle.

When one watertight door after another gave way before the terrific pressure of the sea, Nemo ordered the emergency pumps turned on. The pumps' clattering and thumping, added to the rumble of the motors, almost deafened the crewmen fighting to keep the water from reaching the engines.

But the water pressed hard against the door of the engine room. Not even a hastily erected steel scaffold could keep the door from buckling. Water shot into the room from the door edges, quickly covering the floor and rising about the men's ankles.

Suddenly a crossbeam snapped and crashed into the main shaft of the engines. The shaft froze, stopping the engines and the pumps. Water poured over the power unit. Electricity crackled through the air. Smoke and fumes filled the room.

A moment later, Nemo raced into the engine room. One glance was enough to tell him what was wrong.

"Clear that shaft!" he shouted. He strode over to the spare shaft, snug against the starboard side. "Disconnect the hoist!" he ordered. "We will use this spare shaft as a lever to pry the crossbeam out of the main shaft."

The crewmen worked feverishly, although streamers of blue smoke partially blinded them and fumes half-choked them. But at last the main shaft was cleared and braced.



Nemo yanked back a lever. One motor roared, then another. The pumps hammered. The exhaust fans whirled, sucking the smoke and fumes up through the ventilators.

And the "Nautilus" stopped sinking. Briefly, she hung suspended in the water. Then very, very slowly she began to rise.

Crewmen hurried through the ship, opening the watertight doors, checking the damage.

Nemo went directly to the salon where he found Conseil and Aronnax. The Professor had collapsed on a couch. At Nemo's entrance, he pushed himself to his feet.

"Are you all right?" Nemo asked.

Conseil nodded.

"I—I guess so," said Aronnax. "At least, I can breathe more easily."

"The fans are operating again," said Nemo. He glanced at the overhead dials. "We stopped sinking just in time. As it is, we have gone deeper than man has ever gone before." Snapping the viewport control switch, he added, "What we shall see out here now should prove most interesting."

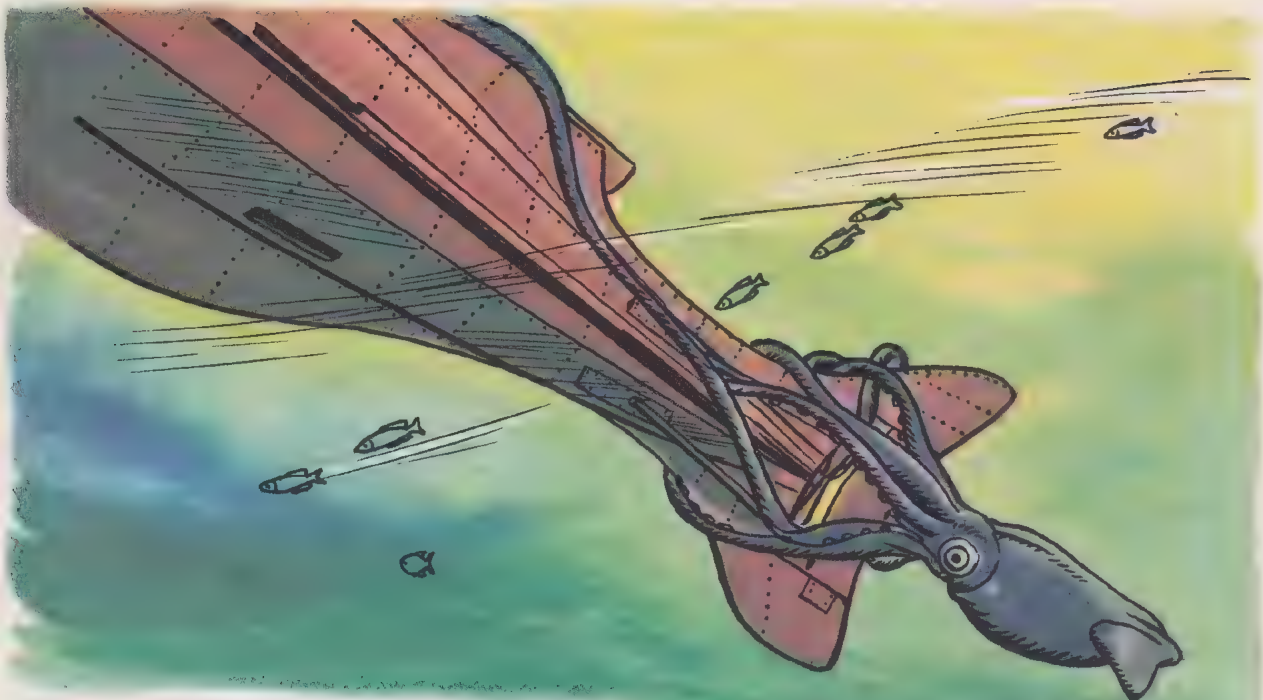
The creatures beyond the viewport were weird beyond description. They were glowing with phosphorescent light. Some formed electric chains. Others flashed in all directions to burst into tiny bits of flame. And others were marked with shining patterns.

Conseil shuddered. "They are horrible—horrible."

Meantime Nemo had gone up to the wheelhouse and was watching the weird, glowing creatures through the rear port-hole. All at once, he saw a giant squid swimming in the submarine's wake.

"Emergency speed, all engines!" Nemo shouted into the speaking tube leading to the engine room.

The "Nautilus" fairly leaped ahead but it did not lose the squid. The monster rushed for the stern—only to tangle with the racing propeller. The bow of the "Nautilus" reared up sharply.



"We're fouled!" yelled Nemo. "Full speed astern!"

In a flash the engines were reversed. The badly injured squid relaxed its hold and drifted downward. The "Nautilus" leveled . . . but only for a moment. A second giant squid zoomed from the darkness and lunged forward to wrap its tentacles around the hull.

The "Nautilus" sagged under the monster's weight. Then as the squid struggled to secure its hold, the submarine tilted from side to side.

Conseil and Aronnax were tumbled to the salon floor. The former stumbled to his feet, grabbing at a chain-guard for support. He was helping Aronnax up when his eyes grew wide with horror. An enormous tentacle, bristling with suction cups, was coiling along the outside of the viewport.

"Look!" Conseil cried. "What is that?"

Horror spread across the professor's face, too. "A giant squid! The most ferocious of all the beasts of the sea!"

The squid pulled on the stern and the "Nautilus" dipped at a steep angle.

Up in the wheelhouse, Nemo shouted, "Call all hands to the chartroom! We must fight this thing on the surface."

The crew gathered rapidly. Each man armed himself with an axe, a harpoon or an iron bar.

"Stay clear of the tentacles," Nemo told the crewmen. "And remember the beast's only vital spot is between the eyes. You must hit him there to kill him."

"Surfacing!" yelled the helmsman from above.

The "Nautilus" broke the surface into the red afterglow of the sunset. Clinging to its stern was the ugly body of the giant squid.

"Come!" yelled Nemo, seizing an axe and snapping the switch to open the main hatch. "And remember! If the squid does not die, *we do!*"



A RESCUE—AND FRESH PERIL

BEFORE the crewmen and Nemo had taken more than a few steps, a long tentacle shot through the hatch and down into the chartroom. The men fell back and flattened themselves against a bulkhead. The tentacle lashed about the room, trying to get a grip on something or someone.

"A grating! Quick!" barked Nemo.

Ducking under the sweeping tentacle, two crewmen ripped up a deck grating. They hurled it at the tentacle, which folded about it like a glove and whipped it up against the hatch doorway. Angered because the grating kept the tentacle inside, the squid lashed out again. The grating whirled around the chartroom, slamming several crewmen against the walls.

Attracted by the noise, Aronnax and Conseil came from the salon. They shrank

back in horror when they saw what was going on.

"This way!" shouted Nemo, leaping into the passageway that led forward.

Two minutes later, Nemo and the crew swarmed out onto the deck through the forward hatch.

Instantly the squid's second long tentacle uncoiled, knocking two men overboard. Nemo and the others headed aft, keeping close to the wheelhouse and chopping at the tentacle with their axes.

Down in the chartroom, Aronnax and Conseil ducked under the weaving tentacle to drag an injured crewman into the corridor. Here they heard Ned shouting.

"Open the door!" Ned was yelling. "Let me out!"

Conseil left the Professor to see to the injured man and hurried to unbar Ned's door.

"What's going on?" rasped Ned.

"A giant squid's attacking us," panted Conseil.

Ned pushed the smaller man aside and raced down the corridor. As he reached the chartroom, the tentacle dropped the grating, writhed back up the steps and curled out through the hatch. Ned grabbed up a harpoon and raced after it.

On deck the Mate screamed, "Captain! Look out!"

The warning was too late. The long tentacle coiled around Nemo and lifted him up into the air.

At this moment, Ned leaped out of the hatch. He glanced up, saw Nemo in the squid's grip, jumped to the top of the wheelhouse . . . and hurled his harpoon.

It was a perfect throw. The harpoon buried itself squarely between the monster's eyes.

The squid slid away from the "Nautilus" but it did not release its hold on Nemo. Slowly, surely, it pulled him under the water.

Snatching up a knife from the deck, Ned raced for the side and dove overboard.

Underwater, Ned opened his eyes. He

was not far from the squid and its victim. He could see that Nemo was unconscious and tightly held in the squid's death grip.

A few swift strokes brought Ned to the tentacle. Clutching it, he pried it away from the drowning Captain. Then he slashed out with the knife. The tentacle went limp. And Ned, one arm about Nemo, kicked his way up toward the surface. Breaking it, he yelled, "Throw me a line!"

Aboard the submarine, several anxious moments later, Nemo glanced blankly at the faces bent over him. When he saw Ned's, his memory returned. He sat up and said, in a puzzled tone, "Why did you save my life, Mr. Land?"

"Hanged if I know!" replied Ned. He strode away down the deck.

The Mate saluted Nemo. "Do you want Land put under guard again?"

Nemo shook his head. "Give him the run of the ship. It is the least I can do," he said.

The next day Professor Aronnax discovered his journal was missing. When he learned from Conseil that Nemo had





taken it, he went to the Captain's cabin.

Nemo was standing at his desk, reading the journal.

"Why did you take that?" demanded Aronnax, pointing to the book.

Nemo smiled. "I was curious." He flipped the journal's pages. "What you have written is very interesting. Especially the part about Mr. Land saving my life. You seem to think he is a hero."

"He is," declared Aronnax.

Nemo shrugged. He stepped to the large chart on the wall. "Enough of talk about him. We are nearing Vulcania. Soon you will see the secret power I have discovered. The power that is all mine!"

"Have you ever thought of sharing this power with the world?" Aronnax asked the question a little fearfully.

However, the Professor need not have been fearful. The question did not anger Nemo. Instead, he said quietly.

"Yes. That is why you are alive today. I told you I might have use for you."

Aronnax's eyes were bright with excitement. "You mean you want me to tell the world about this power?" he exclaimed.

Nemo sighed. "I do not know. I would let you shout it from the housetops if I

thought it would make men stop warring on one another. But—" He was interrupted by the sudden ringing of an alarm bell and the entrance of the Mate.

At the same moment the engines fell silent; the "Nautilus" slowed to a stop.

"We have reached the island, Captain," said the Mate.

Nemo scowled. "Then why have we stopped?"

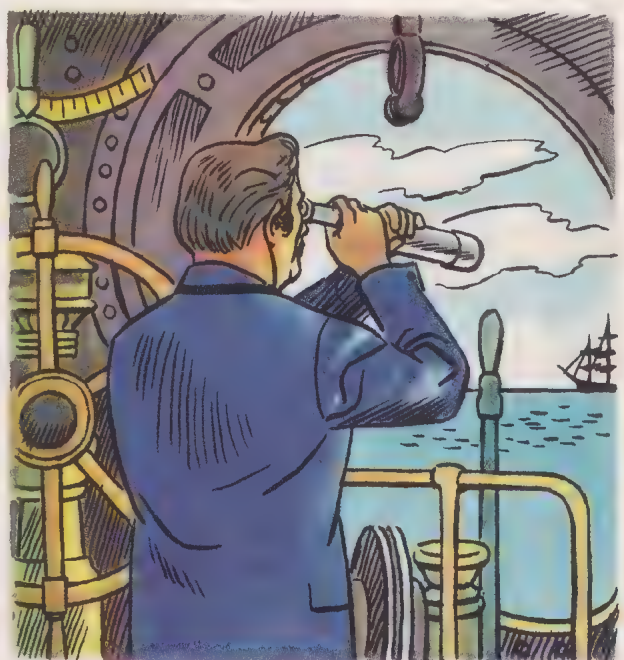
"There are warships ahead, sir," the Mate replied. "They fly no flags." He left the cabin as abruptly as he had entered it.

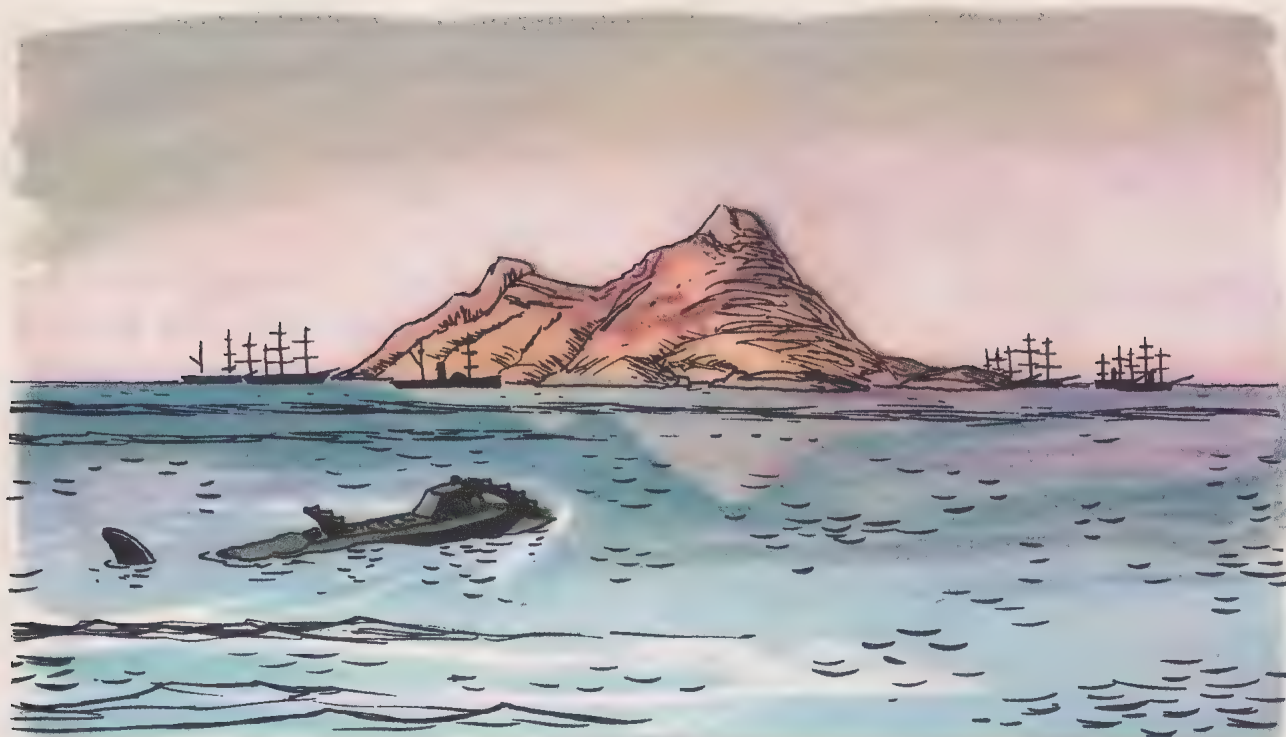
Nemo turned to Aronnax. His face was dark with anger. His eyes flashed. "Warships!" he exploded. "Sent to destroy me! To capture my secret!" He seized the Professor by the arm. "Come! You shall see how I deal with them!"

Aronnax jerked his arm free. "I will come without force," he said.

"Very well!" snapped Nemo, striding from the cabin.

Slowly, and a little sadly, Aronnax followed Captain Nemo.





VULCANIA

THROUGH the lifting fog, Professor Aronnax peered through the telescope at Vulcania.

It was a rugged, rocky island, sided by steep cliffs. At one end a volcanic cone jutted into the misty sky. Between the "Nautilus" and the island lay a fleet of warships. Aronnax trained the telescope on a cliffside and saw armed men climbing it.

"Those men are the landing parties from the warships," said Nemo, who stood beside the Professor at the rear porthole of the wheelhouse.

Aronnax lowered the telescope. "It is too bad we did not arrive sooner," he said.

"It would have done no good," said Nemo. He turned to the Mate. "We must destroy everything before they reach the lagoon. Prepare to dive."

The Mate issued the order. Captain

Nemo took the helm. The engines thundered, and the "Nautilus" plunged under the water.

Aronnax stayed by the porthole, staring out into the depths. Whatever was about to happen, he felt he must see it.

The submarine glided swiftly below the keels of the anchored warships and swooped close to the ocean floor. Suddenly, the searchlight flashed on. And the "Nautilus" zoomed into an underwater tunnel.

Barely two minutes later, the submarine rocketed out of the tunnel, rose vertically and broke the surface of a shimmering lagoon.

Aronnax could hardly believe his eyes. The lagoon was wholly landlocked by towering walls of rock. Along its shore were strange-looking buildings and machines, a half-finished submarine and a giant solar reflector.



The engines were silenced, and the anchor chain clanked loudly.

Nemo clattered down from the wheelhouse, brushed past Conseil and Ned in the chartroom below, and hurried up to the main hatch.

A moment later, Aronnax came down the circular staircase.

"What's all the excitement?" Ned asked the Professor.

"We are at Vulcania—Nemo's base," Aronnax replied. "The island is surrounded by warships. Their fighting men have already landed."

With a whoop, Ned bounded up the steps. At the open main hatch, he paused to look shoreward. Conseil and Aronnax crowded in beside him in time to see Nemo and two oarsmen push off in the little metal boat.

"Look up there!" pointed Ned.

Over the rim of the volcanic cone, tiny figures were pouring. Their weapons

glinted in the sun. As they slid down the inner slope, they opened fire on the buildings, the little boat—and the "Nautilus."

Nemo brought the little boat alongside a small pier, leaped to the wharf and—through a rain of bullets—ran for a large building close by. Hastily, the crewmen tied up the boat and ran after him.

As bullets zinged across the deck of the submarine, the crew sought shelter behind the wheelhouse. Aronnax and Conseil and Ned ducked under the hatch.

Suddenly Ned tore off his shirt and bounded out of the hatch. "Hey, you, up there!" he bellowed, waving the shirt over his head. "Don't shoot! We're friends! We sent the messages in the bottles!"

A hail of bullets sent him flying back into the hatch.

He raised himself up, when the fire died down, to look shoreward again.

Nemo and the two oarsmen were returning to the "Nautilus" in a criss-cross of bullets. But, miraculously, none of them were hit. And soon they were safely back aboard the submarine.

"Every man to his station," snapped Nemo. "There is no time to waste."

Suddenly he winced, clutching at his side. Then he straightened and stepped down into the hatch, closing it behind him. Stiffly, he made his way to the wheelhouse and took over the helm.

Only the Mate saw the splotch of blood on Nemo's tunic. He said nothing, but his face grew sad. He had served with Nemo for many years and thought of him more as a friend than a superior officer.

Again the "Nautilus" dove, shot through the tunnel and out into the sea, gliding far beneath the warships' keels.

Nemo looked up from the wheel. His eyes were glassy but his voice was fairly strong. "Slow on engines . . . eight degrees down," he said. "Lash the wheel."

The faces of the crewmen paled. That order spelled their doom.

Nemo staggered toward the circular staircase. At the top of it, he collapsed. The men picked him up and carried him below. After lashing the wheel, the Mate followed.

Aronnax, Conseil and Ned, who were in the chartroom, stared in open-mouthed alarm when Nemo was carried past them into the salon.

"He has been injured!" gasped Aronnax, rushing out. Conseil and Ned hurried after him.

Nemo had been placed on a couch in front of the starboard viewport. His crew was gathering around him. Aronnax, Conseil and Ned pressed forward.

"Mate," said Nemo, "we are taking the 'Nautilus' down for the last time."

"We understand, sir," the Mate replied.

Ned started forward, crying, "You

can't take us with you!" Two crewmen seized him and forced him back.

"I am dying and the 'Nautilus' is dying with me," Nemo said. "Take them away, Mate. Lock them in their quarters. Then go to your own quarters and stay there."

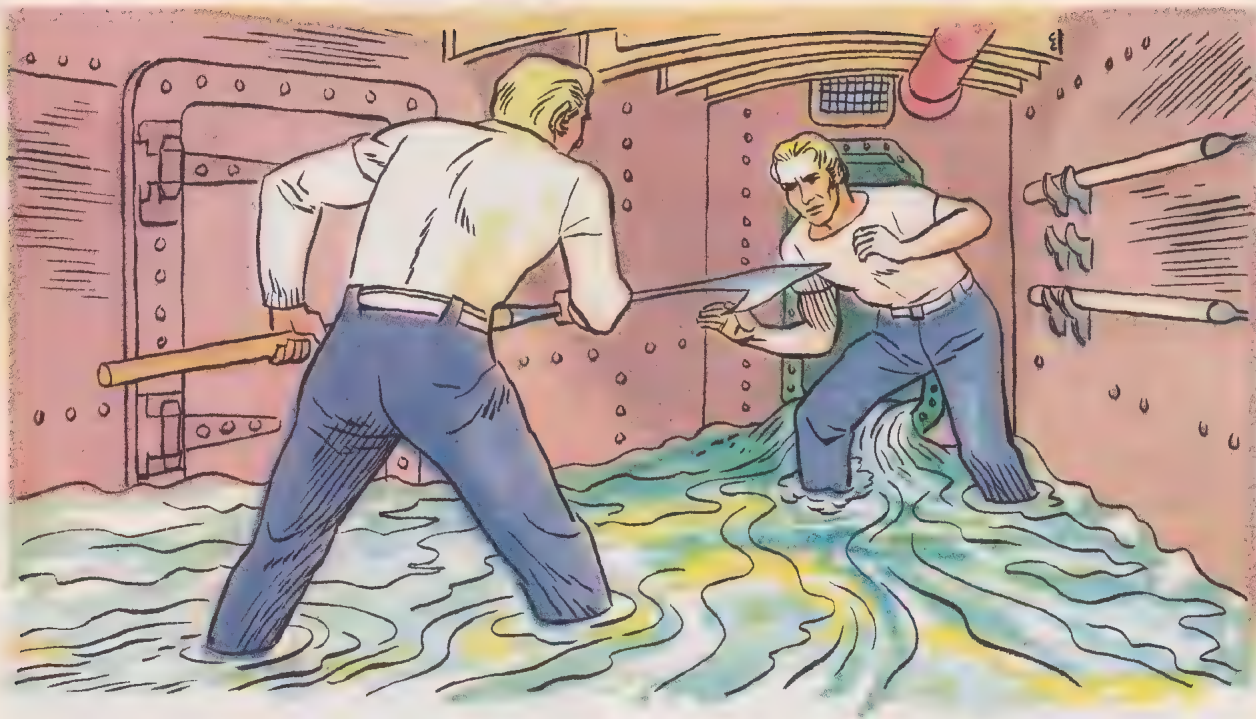
Crewmen bundled Ned and Conseil from the salon.

The Mate reached for the Professor's arm but Aronnax stepped to one side. "Wait," he said. Then he turned to Nemo. "Captain, please listen to me. You cannot do this! This submarine is a dream of the future. You made it come true. Do not destroy it."

"If I do not do so, the warships will," said Nemo calmly. "And do not despair, Professor. There is hope for the future. When the world is ready for a new and better life, all this will some day come to pass . . ." His voice faded to a whisper. "All in God's good time . . ." He let his head fall back against the couch and watched the bubbles trailing beyond the viewport. Then his arm fell to his side.

And the Mate and Professor Aronnax walked softly from the salon.





HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

CONSEIL was in the Professor's cabin when the Mate ushered Aronnax into it. The little assistant was pale but calm, even when the Mate closed the door and bolted it.

Ned Land was not calm, however. He was struggling with two crewmen. "You're not going to lock me up to die!" he yelled.

The crewmen forced him through the door.

Suddenly Ned lunged forward, throwing his captors off-balance. As they crashed into the desk, Ned whirled, leaped back into the corridor and smashed the Mate back against the wall with a terrific punch.

Again Ned whirled. One of the crewmen was leaping toward him. Ned's fist shot out. It caught the crewman on the jaw and sent him reeling back into the second crewman. Slamming the door,

Ned dropped the iron bar into place. As he did so, the Mate grabbed his arm, spinning him around.

This time Ned hit the Mate so hard, he fell to the floor, unconscious.

Ned raced for the wheelhouse. In frantic haste, he ripped the rope from the wheel and whipped back the control levers. Bells clanged. Motors roared. And the "Nautilus" nosed upward toward the surface.

Ned lashed the wheel into position and vaulted down the staircase—just as the "Nautilus" struck an overhanging shelf of reef.

The crash sent Ned to his knees and jackknifed the forward passageway. Water poured through the broken hull. It gushed over the Mate, bringing him back to consciousness. He stumbled to his feet, fighting the rushing water.

Ned came staggering down the corridor. The Mate snatched a harpoon from

the rack but before he could hurl it at Ned, the harpooner kicked out savagely. The harpoon flew from the Mate's hand. Ned's fist smashed against his jaw. And he fell backward into the swirling flood.

Ned shot back the bolt on the Professor's cabin door. "I've taken over the ship!" he bellowed, flinging open the door. "Let's get out of here!"

Aronnax had only time enough to snatch up his journal before Ned grabbed him and Conseil—each by an arm—and started to lead them down the corridor through knee-deep water.

By the time they reached the chartroom, the water was up to their waists.

"Get up under the hatch!" gasped Ned, pushing them toward the steps. Then he shinned up the circular staircase to peer into the wheelhouse, from which water was pouring in a solid sheet.

"We're on the surface!" yelled Ned as he dropped back into the chartroom. He splashed to the main hatch control and yanked at the lever. The hatch slid open. Water—and bright sunlight—streamed down into the chartroom.

Conseil started to crawl up the flooded steps but Aronnax turned back toward Nemo's cabin.

"Professor!" yelled Ned. "Come back here! That island's due to blow up any second!"

Aronnax did not stop. "I must get Nemo's records," he said.

Through the rapidly rising water, Ned waded in pursuit. "Hang the records!" he shouted, reaching for the Professor's arm.

Dodging Ned's grasp, Aronnax tried to push the harpooner away. "Go on," he panted. "Leave me alone."

"No!" yelled Ned. He followed the

yell with a hard right to Aronnax's jaw. Then, as the Professor went limp, he dragged him across the room and up the hatch stairs.

On the deck, awash and rocking, Conseil was clinging to one of the lines that held the little metal boat to the "Nautilus." "Is the Professor hurt?" he cried when Ned came out of the hatch, carrying Aronnax.

"Not badly," said Ned. "Hurry! Get into the boat!"

Conseil scrambled into the boat. Ned boosted Aronnax over the side, then slashed at the lines with his knife.

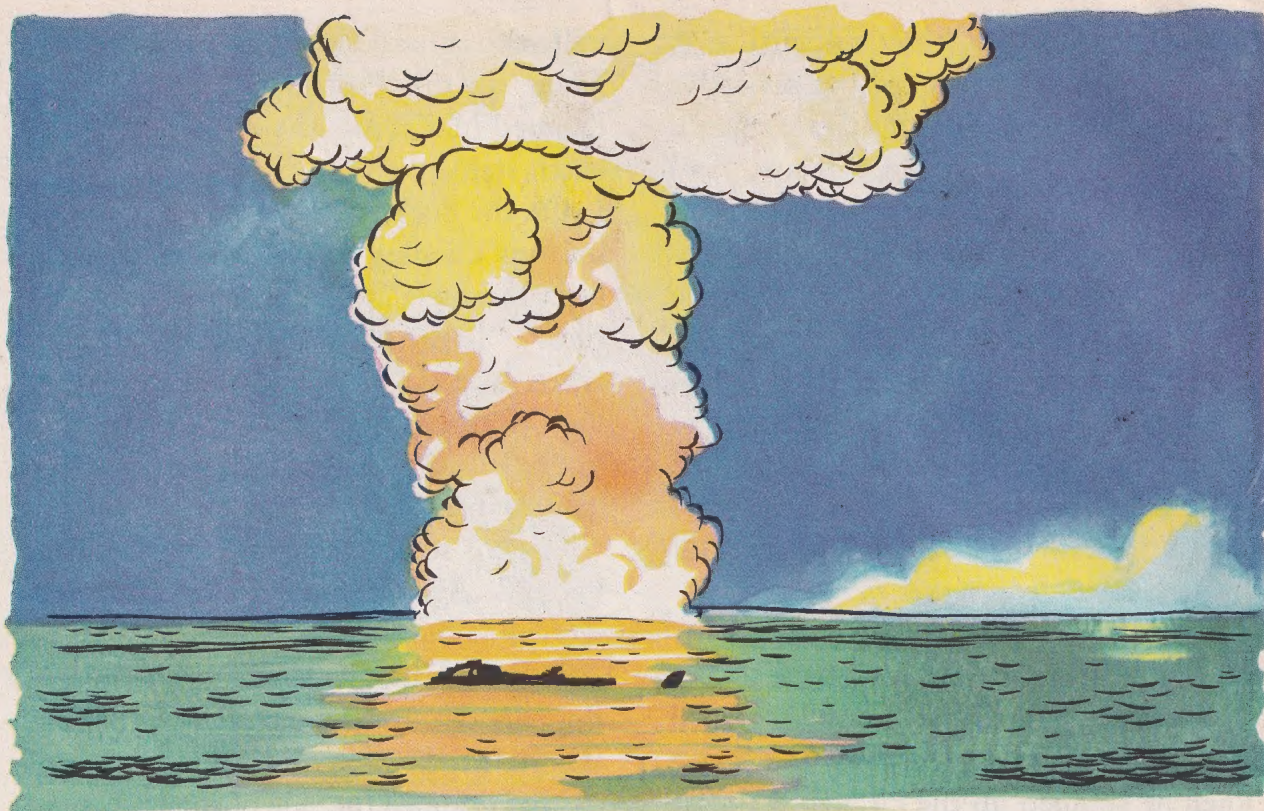
At that moment, Snoopy the seal flopped out of the hatch and, barking wildly, began swimming along the deck.

Ned grabbed the side of the boat, holding it close to the "Nautilus." "We can't leave him!" he shouted. "Here, Snoopy!"

When Snoopy was safely in the boat, Ned shoved clear of the submarine, leaped aboard himself, seized the oars and began rowing with all his might.

Conseil bathed the Professor's face with sea water. And Aronnax quickly returned to consciousness.





Suddenly a dull boom thundered across the waters.

Ned looked back toward the island. "There she blows!" he yelled.

And Vulcania exploded!

Great chunks of earth whirled into the sky to burst into huge white puffs and scatter sparks. Flaming rocks hissed into the water.

Now a mammoth fireball spun up into the darkening sky. And a wall of foaming water rushed over the sea . . . over the warships . . . on toward the "Nautilus."

The submarine reared up, its bow toward the sky. For a long moment, it hung there—black against the glare of the red-hot island slowly sinking behind it. Then the "Nautilus," for the last time, plunged into the ocean depths.

The little boat rocked dangerously in the great waves. But Ned's skillful handling prevented it from overturning.

Against the horizon, an enormous mushroom-shaped cloud billowed up into the sky.

"Perhaps that is just as well," said Aronnax slowly. "Perhaps the world is not yet ready to learn and understand Nemo's secrets."

The horrifying mushroom-shaped cloud was spreading now, almost filling the sky. The three men stared at it, and thought of the strange man whose genius had caused it.

But, of course, only Professor Aronnax thought of that man's last words: "There is hope for the future. . . . In God's good time."

As Aronnax whispered these words to himself, the sun broke through behind the great and hideous cloud.

"It is the golden glow of the dawn of a new day," said Aronnax almost as if he were saying a prayer.

THE END

CHART FROM
SUBMARINE NAUTILUS

From the observations of
CAPT. NEMO

VULCANIA



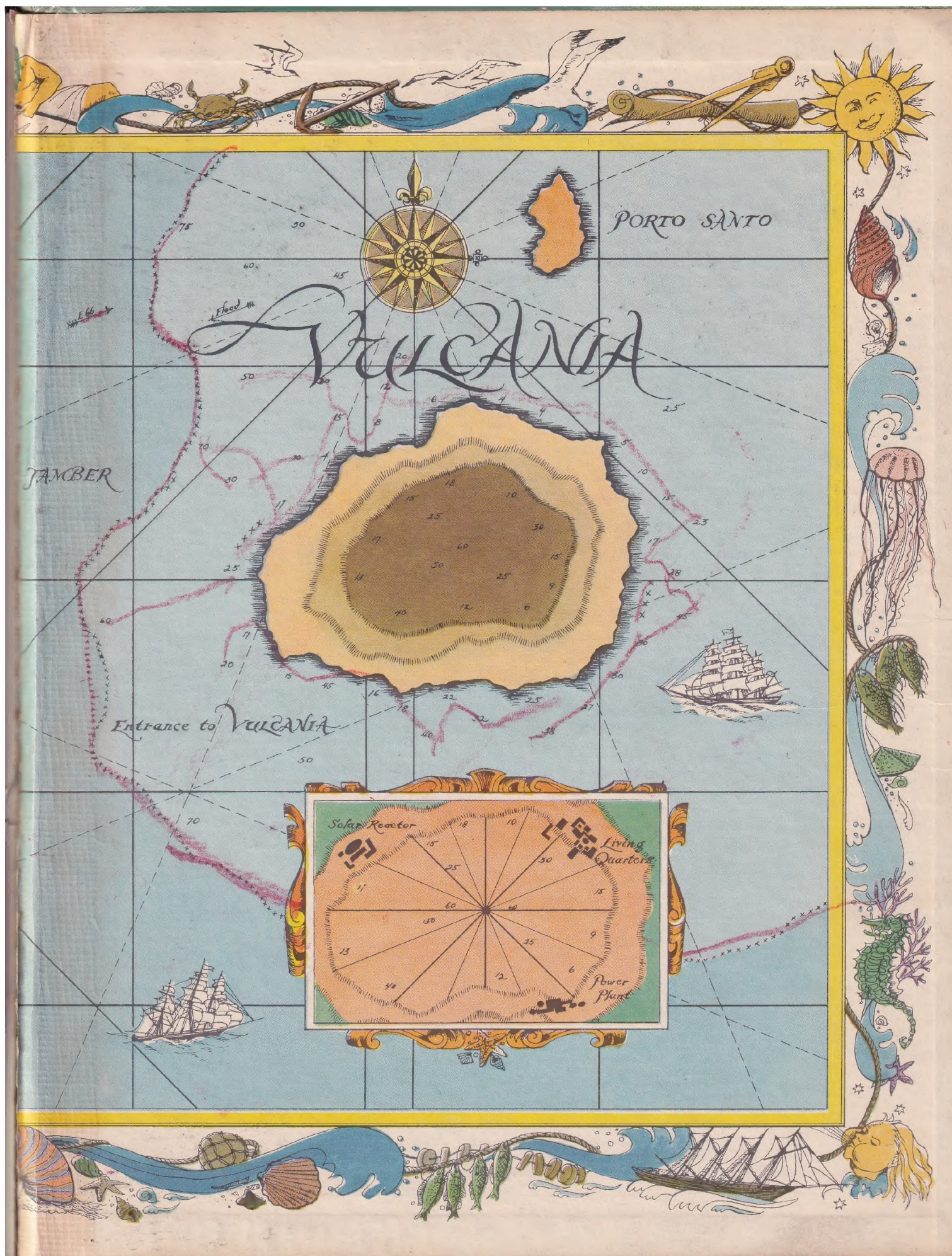
Vulcania to the N.N.W. & W. 3 Leagues distant
in the Evening

CORAL REEFS



IS
Bank which breaks
at half tide

Rocks seen in
1835





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